

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

OURS.
WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

In the early days we knew,
Mine and me were only two;
Now how doubly blest are we,
Me and mine are numbered three.
Heaven looked on us and smiled,
God hath given us a child.

She is faultless—she is fair,
Soft and brown her silken hair,
And her eyes are violet, hid
Underneath a snowy lid;
Rosy lips and teeth of pearl,
Hath our little baby girl.

From her cradle now I see,
Chubby hands are reached to me,
With the sweet beseeching air
Of a deep unuttered prayer;
And I fold her to my breast,
She caresses and caresses.

I am looking—looking far,
Where the mist-wreathed islands are,
Dotted the untraversed sea
Of our darling's destiny,
Where the groves of spice and palm,
Yield her blessing—yield her balm.

I am listening, and I hear
Whispers for her maiden ear;
Words inaudible and low,
That their import none may know,
Yet the still interpreter
Makes them beautiful for her.

I am thinking of the tide
Whereupon her boat must glide;
And I shudder, for I know
Where the purest waters flow,
Where the smoothest current rolls,
There are quicksands—there are shoals.

Could a love, all unexpressed,
Render the beloved blest,
Could we guard Fate's secret spring,
Future years would only bring
Cloudless skies, and thornless flowers,
To this little one of ours.

QUEEN STORK. A SCHOOLBOY'S STORY.

Many curious things happened in the four years I passed at old Styles's (said Master Balfour, thoughtfully); but perhaps the funniest of all, was that business of the yellow-black eyes! Yes, Miss Houlton, you'll open your blue ones a good deal wider yet. What do you think of a whole school—seventy-three fellows—nine day-pupils, and two G. P. B.'s—

"What are G. P. B.'s?"

Gentlemen-Parlor-Boards. We gave them the name just to take down their conceit. What do you think of all these being left to the entire control of a girl of nineteen—managed by her single hand? And a precious tight one it proved. You must wait.

Styles, as I told you, was often ill, and quite incapable at these times of taking any part, however trifling, in the management of the school. It was some-what do you call it?—cerebral affection, originally induced by over-study at college; and it recurred at intervals, throughout his life. Nothing but complete repose availed him during the continuance of these attacks, which sometimes lasted only for a day or two, when again he was as well as ever. This state of things was, of course, well known to the fellows' governors and friends; but such was Styles's reputation as a scholar, and maker of scholars, that it did no damage to the school, which was always chock-full, and chaps waiting to get in.

When Styles was laid up, business was hustled on, somehow, in a muddled way, by two resident under-masters, a daily French one, and Queen Mob.

Queen Mob was an elderly relation of Styles's, who looked after the house matters, counted the linen, did the bills, and a lot of other things Styles would not condescend to; told tales of the boys, and always sported a mob-cap—whence her name. She was a stern old lady, with an intense hatred and distrust of all schoolboys, dealing with them as with a race of young lunatics, every one of whose actions and words was a natural subject of suspicion, and to be received with rebuke and control. She had—apart from this weakness—lots of sense, but no grammar to speak of; had early in life discarded the A as an absurd encumbrance, and always, after grace, directed the servant to take off the "kivers." She had come, originally, on a visit for three days, and had, at the time I speak of, stopped seventeen years longer.

Other visitors, for shorter periods, not unfrequently appeared at Styles's. He was, we heard, a capital host; and the G. P. B.'s, who were sometimes honored with invitations to the nine o'clock suppers, came away highly pleased with their entertainment.

Styles always gave his visitors the choice of dining in the school or the study, and we generally found, especially when they happened to be of the more curious sex, that they preferred the former, in which case they sat at the top of the table, with Styles, Queen Mob, and the senior master, and had all sorts of jolly little things, that made our boiled mutton, and rice-pudding with a dab of salt butter upon it, look rather queer. Our banquets were of Queen Mob's invention (anything was good enough for a school-boy!), and Styles never interposed in any domestic details, being, to do him justice, utterly indifferent as to what was provided for himself.

It's my belief some of us would have been starved in Queen Mob's time, if it hadn't been for "Will's basket."

Will was a superannuated servant of the establishment, who was permitted to retain—in private life—the privilege of purchasing stale cakes and mouldyish fruit-pies at a shop in the town, and retailing them in the school, at the cost to the buyer of two hundred and fifty per cent., and a stomach-ache.

Now, let me see. I think it was in the third or fourth half of my stay at the school, that there arrived a very mysterious visitor—a lady. She came, intending to pass a considerable time; that we knew, for she brought with her a whole lot of boxes, a large case of books, a harp, and a Newfoundland dog, which faithful and ferocious animal informed us, through the medium of his collar, that his mistress was Mary Percival.

"Mary Percival!" Delicious name! She must be young and beautiful. We saw her clogs. They were about the length of one's middle finger. Out of these articles alone we conjured up a glorious ideal. About two-and-twenty (boys' loves are always advanced in years), with small, chiselled features, like a Grecian goddess, waves of silken hair, and so forth. It was a singular circumstance (as some one afterwards remarked) that we could arrive at no definite understanding with regard to her eyes. Everybody was positive, would have staked his existence, as to what they were not. They were neither black, blue, hazel, pink, green, nor gray; not large, nor small, nor long, nor round, nor anything that imagination could devise. We settled every other feature. The eyes beat us. What then were they? Had she eyes? Of course. There were her books, and her harp, to prove it. We had to leave the point unsettled.

Lots were solemnly drawn, in order to decide who should be in love with Mary Percival, and the two longest happening (as Mickey Creagh, who held them, announced to be of the same length, this lucky circumstance became the parent of one of the prettiest fights of the half, the result being that the unconscious damsel fell to the lot of Boss Twigg, the son of a London alderman, a big hulking fellow of the upper school, who immediately cut the initials of "M. P." inside the lid of his desk, and became hopelessly enslaved.

Eagerly was the next dinner-hour anticipated, for not a doubt visited the mind of anybody that the mysterious beauty would show. We were disappointed. Styles and Queen Mob appeared as usual; not so Mary Percival. She never did come; and but for having noticed the arrival of her luggage, and occasionally seeing a minute portion of dinner, such as you might offer to a pining dicky-bird, sent carefully up, before anybody else was helped, we mightn't have known that she was in the house.

Soon, however, strange, sometimes contradictory, rumors crept into circulation, having reference alike to the person, character, and general habits of the beautiful recluse. Nobody had actually set eyes upon her. It was thought that Queen Mob, and a stolid maid from Northumberland, who could speak nothing but her natural burr, and was forbidden to discourse in that, were the only parties admitted to her presence.

The barriers opposed to our curiosity had the accustomed effect of quickening the same, and already the matter became tinged with the delightful hue of romance. Mary Percival was forthwith promoted to the position of an enchanted princess, held in thrall by a wicked old fairy (Queen Mob), who was aunt to a weak, but well-meaning monarch (Styles), who, engaged in occult studies, had, with inconceivable stupidity for so gifted a man, left the affairs of his house and kingdom entirely to the control of the aged and malevolent relative in question.—Plots were laid for the emancipation of the distressed princess, and we even went the length of taunting Boss Twigg for not attempting something on behalf of his lady. Boss, however, peremptorily declined.

This mode of treating the matter, though it amused, did not satisfy us; and some of the more practical individuals among us resolved to trace out the mystery. Charley Lyons, of the lower school—who was rather a pet of Queen Mob's—took courage to question that lady on the subject of the strange inmate, but encountered such a rebuff as effectually stopped any further investigations in that quarter.

Better success attended a combined assault upon the fidelity of a small kitchen maid, with whom we sometimes exchanged gestures of passionate attachment, as she passed to and fro across an area commanded by the playground. From her we learnt by degrees that Mary Percival was a reality, a living creature, a woman, a lady—and a young one. One by one, the mysterious attributes with which we had invested her were, by Hester Moggs, quietly stripped away. Her beauty, however, remained. Fact or fiction could not injure that. Hester Moggs's utmost eloquence could not vulgarize the little perfect mouth, the even, glistening teeth, the dimpled chin.

"But the eyes, Hester—how about the eyes?"

Hester assumed a look of horror and snifed.

"Now, don't be silly, child!"—the speaker was twelve, and Hester five-and-twenty—"tell us about the eyes—the eyes! Oh, Hester, don't go, darling Hester—here's a ribb—"

Hang the girl! she was always hearing misis!

So, gradually, the secret narrowed itself to one feature. About this there could be no longer any question—

There was something odd about Mary Percival's eyes!

This conclusion arrived at, curiosity rose to fever pitch. We put in practice every possible means to gratify it, taking infinitely more pains than you would believe possible, if you have never observed how a mystery grows by discussion into something grand and marvellous.—We cultivated the G. P. B.'s, who were, or pretended to be, as ignorant as ourselves—we made deputations to Styles, asking for impossible holidays—we watched the window of the mysterious princess, visible from one side of the playground every day for hours, relieving guard like sentinels, and reporting such faint indications of a living occupancy as had been observed during the expiring watch. These, to be sure, were meagre enough. There were, however,

two little rose-trees, in pots, placed upon the window-sill. The "princess" (as we got to call her) tended these herself; and, on more than one occasion, a hand so small, so white, so graceful, as almost to drive the more susceptible of her admirers frantic, glistened out from behind the window curtains, plucked a decayed leaf, or clipped a flower, and shot back like a frightened dove.

At last, after five weeks' expectation and conjecture, our impatience was partially rewarded.

One beautiful evening in the middle of August, it happened that the whole school went out for a walk. Even the G. P. B.'s honored the procession, walking, however, a little aloof—as became them—from the jacketed throng, their long-tailed coats and high-heeled bluchers (constructed to look like Wellingtons) forming objects of overt ridicule and secret envy to those who followed.

One lucky chap was left at home. Me. I had got into a row for pitching into Bartle Goldsmith—an impudent young Hebrew, who shot a pellet into my eye in school. The smart threw me off my guard, and bang went my Gradus at Bartle's head! Styles didn't much mind fighting at proper times, but he objected to it in school hours, as interfering with study, so we were both caned. Bartle was sent to bed and I was detained from the evening walk, and consoled myself with "The Castle of Otranto."

There were some tamarisk-bushes at the end of the playground, just enough to make a comfortable arbor for any fellow who didn't mind couching on the ground at their roots; and under one of these I was lying reading, when the odd thing happened that I'm going to tell you.

I had just got to—

"Alas! thou mistakest," said Matilda, sighing; "I am Manfred's daughter; but no dangers await me."

"Amazement!" said Theodore; "but last night I blessed myself for yielding thee the service thy gracious compassion so charitably returns me now."

"Still thou art in an error," said the princess; "but this is no time for explanation. Fly, virtuous youth."

Suddenly the distant voice of Styles interrupted the passionate dialogue. My heart stood still. The "Castle of Otranto" was a proscribed work. Silence, however, succeeded, and I eagerly resumed:

"A deep and hollow groan startled the princess and Theodore."

"Confusion! we are overheard!" said the princess.

"They listened, but perceiving no further noise, they both concluded it the effect of pent-up vapors; and the princess carried Theodore"—(how, I thought, could he permit it?)—"to her father's armory, where, equipping him with a complete suit, he was conducted by Matilda to the postern-gate."

"Avoid the town," said the princess.

"Theodore flung himself at her feet, and, seizing her lily hand, which with struggles she suffered him to kiss, he vowed on the earliest opportunity to—get himself knighted."

I had just reached this amazing climax, when again the voice of Styles came upon the breeze. Carefully putting aside the sprays of my tamarisk, I peeped through. What do you think I saw?

Styles—and Mary Percival!

Yes, the beautiful princess, wearied at last of her bower, was coolly walking down the playground by the master's side—not leaning on his arm, though—no! I saw directly she wasn't of the leaning sort. I hate describing people, especially women, more particularly pretty women, and I can't this. I can tell you what she was not. She wasn't tall, that is not above the middle height; she wasn't a bit like Queen Mob; she had nothing angular about her; every line was sweeping, rounded, and graceful; she had the faintest little foot, and this set upon the ground with what some of you poet chaps would call an "expression." It said just as plainly as you can speak, "Here I choose to step, let the whole world oppose me." She had splendid dark hair, arranged in a deep band upon her white neck. The face, as far as it could be seen, exceeded our most romantic dreams; chin, mouth, and half the cheek and nose were visible enough, but, round the brow she wore a curious broad fillet, made like the half-mask worn by harlequins. She wasn't blindfolded, you understand. There were large circular holes cut for the eyes, and round these were, first a crimson, then a yellow rim, imparting a ghastly and horrible expression, such as it is impossible to describe.

She walked with her little head inclined forward, and her white hands clasped tight together—something in the attitude of the adoring saints in a picture.

Not having seen me go down the playground, they no doubt believed it wholly deserted, and came slowly on, turning mechanically when they reached the tamarisks, instead of coming round, yet passing so close that the princess's light dress brushed the sprays. Styles was reading to her in a low, earnest voice. And what do you think it was? A Greek play! It's as true as I sit here. The "Alcestis" of Euripides.

I was rather forward in Greek, and I knew what he was saying. I won't bother you with the Greek, but my crib gives it thus:

Here, surely thy wife Alcestis is not dead?
Alcestis. There is a twofold tale to tell of her.
Here, but do you speak of her as dead or living?
Alcestis. She is—and she is not—and I am wretched.

The princess clasped her hands to her masked face, like one in agony, though I imagined she was only bored, for how should she know anything of Euripides?—and they passed out of hearing.

The mysteries of Otranto were fading into nothing. It was, after all, only the ghost of a romance. Here was the real thing. Was the fillet a disguise? But how strange! how incomplete! how likely to attract the very notice and inquiry she desired to shun!—or was it to conceal some defect too horrible—Here

they approached again. Styles had ceased reading, and both moved sadly and silently onward, buried in thought. To my immense consternation they did not turn off as before, but, pursuing the path, came round my ambush, and were upon me!

The princess started and stopped. Styles caught me by the collar. I didn't care. I was only in the playground, where I had a right to be; and Styles himself was out of bounds, if anybody was.

The jolly old chap knew that as well as I did; so he didn't box my ears, but his eye fell upon the corner of the book I had tried to hide under my jacket. He made a spiteful snatch at it, looked at it with an intense disgust, far from complimentary to the distinguished author, and put it in his pocket. Then he seized me by the arm.

"Now, pledge me your word, sir," he began—

But the princess quietly interposed:

"It is useless, my good friend—let him go."

Styles obeyed; and wasn't I off like a shot! And wasn't it jolly that I had to make no promises, and might relate my adventure the moment the fellows returned?—which I did.

As though the princess knew that her remarkable appearance would be no longer a secret, or else because she was weary of her solitary room, or the society of Queen Mob the very next day, and every succeeding one, she came down and dined with the school, still wearing her hideous mask, and regarded with mingled feelings of awe, suspicion, and admiration. The idea that such a creature was really hiding from justice, met with little credence; and the general, and certainly the most reasonable, impression was, that the hateful black fillet concealed some deformity even more repulsive than itself. She appeared, however, on all occasions perfectly at her ease, and used to gaze down the long table in a cool, superior way, as though taking in the characters of the chaps; sometimes allowing her look to rest upon particular individuals long enough to make the said parties wince and shuffle uncomfortably, as if they were pricked.

In this silent manner, we felt sure, she made the acquaintance of at least four fellows, namely, Harry Maitland, Charley Lyons, Looby Weekes, and Philip Balfour—(me).

Harry Maitland was, at that time, senior cock, and very nearly at the top of the school. The best fellow in it, full of life and frolic, and a great favorite of Styles's; short silky hair, curling naturally, clear brown eyes—it's just one of those few faces one can recall at any distance of time—poor old Harry!

Charley Lyons was a mischievous little imp of the lower school—up to anything, and always in a row.

Looby Weekes—I forget his Christian name—I don't think he knew it himself; having been told, on his first appearance at Styles's, that he would be liked if he ever called himself anything but "Looby." He had got the habit of it, and even signed his exercises "L. Weekes." He was one of the biggest boys (and asses) in the school; I know you won't believe it, but that fellow was still in Corderius and Whitaker—nothing inspired him or quickened his apprehension; you might as well have caned the stump of a tree. Styles gave it up, after a few months, and finding it useless to instruct him, made him a kind of bridge for others. Looby was thenceforth charged with the duty of bringing up fellows for punishment, and holding them, if necessary, during its infliction. This was not of frequent occurrence. Styles hated punishment, regarding it as an uneasily interruption to the pursuit of the learning he delighted in. But when he was provoked, you didn't forget it in a hurry! Thus the call of "Mr. Weekes," echoing through the vaulted room, has made many a chap's heart give a quicker jump; for no one was ever guilty of the absurdity of believing that Mr. Weekes was needed for any purpose of instruction!

I myself was the last of the four that seemed to attract the especial notice of the mysterious princess, and that was probably because she had seen me before, or was it that she had a spite against me for telling of her? At all events, I didn't feel happy under her gaze. Happy!—I would positively have dived under the table to escape it! I'm sure she saw this, and visited me with those fearful eyes twice as much as anybody else. Just like women, bother them!

About this period of the half there was a good deal of agitation in the school, originating in another matter, of a less mysterious kind—I refer to the dinners. Queen Mob had taken it into her head that bullocks' hearts were civilized food—cheap, at all events—and as Styles ate anything that was offered him, this objectionable dish was served up twice a week—Tuesdays and Fridays—and when cold (as it always was) tasted and felt like greasy india rubber.

As if this wasn't enough, Queen Mob established a most oppressive institution, viz., having the pudding first, by which the fine edge of appetite was supposed to be considerably dulled, and no small amount of animal food preserved to the domestic economy. Who could turn from Norfolk dumplings with sweet sauce to cold bullock's heart?

We tried a deputation to Styles. It failed, though headed by Harry Maitland. Styles would hear of no objections to Queen Mob's arrangements. He himself fared like his boys, and he dismissed the deputation with a half-holiday.

Such was our respect for the jolly old fellow himself, that it is possible we might have given in, starving, or sickening, over Queen Mob's dietary, till our stomachs got accustomed to the worse than Spartan fare, but for the unlooked-for event upon which my story turns.

One morning the master did not appear. The senior usher passed in and out of the room with an unusually anxious face, and, returning after a longer absence than common, addressed the

school to the effect that Styles had been seized in the night with severe illness, which was momentarily increasing, and that he was now delirious. Feeling the approach of the attack, he had, with his usual presence of mind, prescribed some regulations for the conduct of the school, earnestly requesting that the boys should not be dismissed, and dictating a pressing message to a neighboring clergyman—a fellow-collegian—begging him to undertake for a few days the superintendence. The messenger, however, had just returned with the intelligence that Mr. Ringrose was in Wales, and would not be back for three days.

I don't know, much as we liked old Styles, pretend that some of the idler spirits among us did not find comfort in the relaxation of discipline that inevitably followed; still, I do believe everything would have gone on smoothly enough had it not been for those confounded hearts! The second day of Styles's illness, Mary Percival did not appear. The hearts did. This was bad enough, but who can picture the rage and consternation of the hungry crowd, when, on the following day, the abominable dish appeared again? It was a direct and positive insult—an actual challenge to disaffection and mutiny. Boys couldn't stand it. We didn't; but on this occasion, with the exception of a few deep, significant murmurs, there was no row. The fellows simply pushed away their plates in disgust, and refused to eat.

Though we observed Queen Mob glare round with a malignant smile, we were scarcely prepared for the determined purpose of her soul. It isn't pretty to talk Latin before ladies, but there's a well-known proverb that means, literally, when the gods take a spite against any chap, they begin by circumfooling his comprehension faculties, and making a muff of him. So they did with Queen Mob. She had sense enough of her own, and can you conceive her being guilty of the absurdity of supposing she could starve us into eating any stuff she chose? By Jove! sir, the hearts came up the third day, with an intimation that, until they were eaten, no other dinners would be served!

Then the shell exploded!

With a shout of execration, the school rose, pushed over the forms with a crash, and rushed out, the two masters (themselves disgusted)—feebly striving to arrest the rout, and insisting upon saying grace! "Grace!" Arrived in the playground, consultations were held, and plans hastily agreed upon. "No food—no lessons!" was the unanimous resolve. The rebellion had in fact begun. Yells of defiance resounded on all sides. Seditious sentiments appeared in chalky characters upon the walls, and even the black board, which hung above the master's chair, for the purpose of illustrating problems, &c., was made the medium of public opinion.

"No viocera!" "Hearts be hanged!" "No Mob law!" &c., &c., were among the expressions heard. One youth, inspired by an agency which has made greater poets—an empty stomach—improvised the following revolutionary stanza, which being sung in chorus to a popular tune, produced a fine effect:

Hard hearts, tough hearts, greasy and cold,
Roasted crickets—balls nine days old,
At jolly old Styles's school!
Rancid butter and mouldy cheese,
That you may have, whenever you please,
So long as Queen Mob doth rule!—Hoc ay!

Poor Styles's illness, even the mysterious princess, were, in the excitement of the moment, utterly forgotten. We all did exactly as we liked. As for the masters, they wandered wildly about, bullying the smaller and appealing to the older fellows, equally in vain. The former process we stopped in a summary manner.

Our second master was a fellow of the name of Hornidge—Gilbert Hornidge. He'd been a master's mate before he was a master, and had brought with him into his new sphere all the roughness of his former profession, without its heartiness. He was a confounded bully, and never lost an opportunity of pitching into one of us juniors. Seeing him boxing the ears of a little chap who had been executing a war-dance round him, but had miscalculated his distance, Harry Maitland, accompanied by four of the biggest fellows, walked quietly up to him, and, apologising politely for the odds it was necessary to bring against a gentleman of such proportions, informed him that the next overt act of violence on his part would be visited with condign punishment. Whereupon Mr. Hornidge retired into his private den.

It was about two o'clock, when the school bell (which might be sounded either from the house or the school-room) gave out a sudden summons. This we thought proper to obey; not, however, with the slightest intention of resuming study, but rather of bullying the bewildered masters in the very seat of authority.

This pleasant game had scarcely begun, when the door opened, and Mr. Ringrose made his appearance. He was a quiet, amiable man, somewhat older than Styles, and was personally acquainted with two or three of the upper school. To these he addressed himself in the tone of quiet surprise that sometimes pays better than direct reproof or doubtful threatnings, demanding the reason of their selecting the moment of our respect-ful master's illness for so disgraceful a demonstration.

Shouts of "No hearts!" "Give us Christian food!" &c., &c., replied.

Now it happened that worthy Mr. Ringrose, kind and gentle as he was by nature, had an immense idea of the rights and powers of all constituted authorities, and would have risked anything rather than yield to intimidation, no matter how just the complaint. According to him, submission must precede concession.

This sentiment he at once avowed, in the very teeth of the enraged and hungry boys; and then proceeded to inform us that it was impossible for him to assume the superintendence of the school, his presence being urgently required

elsewhere; that a fitting substitute having been vainly sought, it had been at first determined to dismiss the boys to their homes; but, in deference to the earnest charge of our poor master, and at the present solicitation of a lady, now resident in the house, this resolution had been rescinded.

"On appealing," concluded Mr. Ringrose, with a half smile, "to the young lady in question how it was possible to carry on the school in the absence of a proper classical teacher, Miss Percival replied that she—"

Roars of laughter, and shouts of "The princess!" "The princess!" "Hooray for the princess!" drowned the remainder of the speech. The seniors, however, already anticipating some fun, rather beset themselves to quiet the demonstration, lest, perhaps, our too ready enthusiasm should awaken in the breast of the worthy Ringrose any misgiving as to its sincerity.

That gentleman—though not a little puzzled as to what was meant by the term "Princess"—accepted the shout as a proof of our satisfaction, and, observing that he would allow us ten minutes to decide whether we were prepared to recognize the proposed authority, and yield to it that implicit deference without which no study could be carried on, quitted the room, it being arranged that the sounding of the school bell should signify our consent. An eager consultation followed among the seniors, uninterrupted by any disorder, the smaller chaps feeling that they had no alternative but to follow the seniors' lead, and the latter foreseeing no end of the fun in the plan proposed.

Within the given period, therefore, the resolution was carried, the signal given, and Mr. Ringrose entered the schoolroom, with the slight, graceful figure of our masked princess on his arm. He led her to the master's seat, which was in a corner of the room, upon a portion of the floor a little elevated above the rest. It was fronted, moreover, with a sort of office-screen, glazed and curtained at the top, so that the teacher might observe his charge at pleasure, without being himself much seen. On the left, against the wall, was a small bookcase. Above the chair hung the great black board before referred to; and at the back of the dais appeared an ominous-looking fixture, like the stump of a tree cut off two feet from the ground. This was the block, at which chaps knelt to receive punishment, in view of the school.

Mr. Ringrose then came forward, and received from Harry Maitland, Ambrose Hall, Tom Bush, and other seniors, a solemn assurance, by which they pledged themselves, on behalf of the school generally, to yield respectful obedience to the authority of Miss Percival, who remained seated the while, looking (except as to her balaf eyes) the very incarnation of womanly gentleness.

When Maitland had spoken, and the other fellows murmured their assent, she bowed slightly—very slightly—and smiled—a strange, ironical smile, as was remarked at the time by some close observer, and extended her beautiful white hand to Mr. Ringrose, as though in token that she needed his countenance and support no longer.

Then Mr. Ringrose quitted the room, and we were alone with our queen.

For a good minute we gazed at her, and she at us, in silence. The strangeness of the situation kept us quiet. How it affected her I can't say. To all appearance, she never changed a muscle. Suddenly she rose:

"The school will assemble at three."

Low murmurs followed, for it was Wednesday, a half-holiday.

"The school will assemble at three, and at the same hour on succeeding Wednesdays until further notice, as a penalty for this disorder."

You might have distinctly heard a fly creaking his nose during this speech, so completely stupefied were we at this first exercise of power. Before we had recovered, our Queen Stork had glided from the room.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

SOCRATES'S VIEW OF DEATH.—The tone adopted by Socrates in his defence before the Athenian Dikastery, proves, in the opinion of Grote, his indifference as to an acquittal, or rather his belief that there were good reasons why, at his age and in his circumstances, he should prefer a sentence of condemnation as best for himself. He was constitutionally, we know, of a fearless temperament, and conscience and reflection were sufficiently accendant within him to silence what Plato calls "the child within us, who trembles before death." No man, he reminded his judges, knows what death is, yet men fear it as if they knew well that it was the greatest of all evils. For his part, he would never embrace evil certain, in order to escape evil which might for aught he knew be a good. Either death was tantamount to a sound, perpetual, and dreamless sleep—which in his judgment would be no loss, but rather a gain, compared with the present life—or else, if the common myths were true, death would transfer him to a second life in Hades, where he would find all the heroes of the Trojan war, and of the past generally—so as to pursue in conjunction with them the business of mutual cross-examination and debate on ethical progress and perfection.

FRETTING ABOUT TRIFLES.—As regards the "career of small anxieties," one great art of managing, with them, is to cease thinking about them just at that point where thought becomes morbid. It will not do to say that such anxieties may not demand some thought, and, occasionally, much thought. But there comes a time when thought is wasted upon these anxieties; when you, in your thoughts, going over the same ground again and again to no purpose, are deepening annoyance instead of enlarging insight and providing remedy. Then the thing would be to be able to speak to these fretting little cares, like Lord Burleigh to his gowns of state, when he took it off for the night, "Lie there, Lord Treasurer."

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a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is \$5 a year
in advance—sent in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a
single number.

THE POST is believed to have a larger country sub-
scription than any other Literary Weekly in the Union
without exception.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for
every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gen-
tlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages some-
thing adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be ob-
tained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer. Owing,
however, to the great and increasing demand for the
Paper, those wishing back numbers had better apply as
early as possible, our rule being "First come, first
served."

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot
undertake to return rejected communications. If the
article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making
a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable
medium for advertisements, owing to its great circula-
tion, and the fact that only a limited number are given.
Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other
matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see
head of advertising columns.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

It has been recently stated, we know not upon
how good authority, that the attempt made upon
the life of Louis Napoleon are at the instigation of
the secret political society called *The Carbonari*,
of which the French Emperor is said to be a
recoiled member, and by one of the tribunals of
which he has been tried and condemned to death.
This tallies somewhat with the statement said
to have been made by one of the parties to the
recent attempt at assassination, that the con-
spirators are five hundred in number, and that
they have bound themselves by oath to renew
the attempt in parties of five, each year, until it
succeeds. Louis Napoleon's early history is by
no means inconsistent with the probability of
his having been a member of an Italian revolu-
tionary society in 1831, and of a French one in
1845. It is alleged that, as a member of this
latter society, he took an oath "to exterminate
whoever should subvert the liberties of the Re-
public."

There is little doubt of two things. First,
that these secret political societies do now exist
on the continent of Europe, having their ramifi-
cations in almost every city and even little town
—and that their recentment against defaulting
members is of the most implacable character.
They are now, to a considerable degree, what
they were centuries ago—and the accounts and
traditions that have come down to us, relative
to the doings of The Holy Vehm and similar
societies, are probably very little exaggerated.
Charles of Burgundy, whose career was recently
depicted by Mr. Duganne in his novel of
"The Raid of Burgundy," is reported to have
been assassinated by an agent of the Holy
Vehm. And if Louis Napoleon ultimately falls
by the hand of the Carbonari, it will neither be
an unexampled fate, nor one inconsistent with his
stormy and unscrupulous career. Much as we
dislike the man, we are not able to perceive that
any gain to the cause of Liberty or Good Gov-
ernment would result from his death;—and yet
probably very few, even of his own sub-
jects, expect to see his rule firmly and durably
established. Even to himself, he must appear
at times, as a creature of the tempest, with the
tempest may at any moment overturn. If it
be true, as a general fact, that "uneasy lies
the head which wears a crown," it must be
especially true of Louis Napoleon. Surely, he
must be a bold man, who would exchange the
simple and quiet happiness of a private citizen,
for such a crown of thorns as that now worn by
his Majesty, Napoleon the Third.

"After me, the deluge!" said Metternich.
With equal truth may not Louis Napoleon say
the same? How unlikely is it that the claim
of "the child of France" would be regarded, if
once the father, the man of destiny, were swept
aside by the sharp logic of the poniard. Ah,
sad is the fate of that country which is too high-
spirited to be ruled with a rod of iron, and too
unstable, apparently, to be ruled in any other
way. "What sort of a government shall we give
France?" might the angels of heaven debate in
council, and come to no satisfactory conclusion.
How shall freedom be given to those who can-
not govern their own individual selves—or how
despotism to those who feel in their souls the
longings and urgings of the warm Prometheus
fire? A Democratic Aristocracy, with a Limited
Monarchy, it seems to us would be the govern-
ment for France—if France would but accept
of any government. But probably she
is not yet ready to accept of any—so diverse
and extreme are the beliefs and feelings of that
truly many-headed hydra, her people. The mass,
we fear, must be allowed to work and seethe
and ferment some decades longer, before settling
down into sufficient clearness and coherence to
know what it really is capable of, and to be
satisfied with a reasonable approximation to that
ideal.

THE DEATH PENALTY

A bill has been introduced into the Legisla-
ture of this State, by Mr. Struthers, of War-
ren, authorizing the Governor to commute the
death penalty in certain cases to perpetual im-
prisonment.

We would suggest that instead of giving the
power to the Governor, it should be given to the
Judge who tries the case, in instances where the
Jury first recommend such a commutation. If
it be given to the Governor, he has to study the
whole case, in order to determine upon the
reasonableness of the application, with the dis-
advantage of having to depend upon a reading
of the testimony, instead of hearing it from the
mouths of the witnesses—a very material dif-
ference, as every lawyer knows. As a commu-
tation probably would be asked for in almost
every instance of conviction for murder in the
first degree, he would thus have a weight of
labor and responsibility thrown upon him, with-
out the proper means of discharging it. If the
power of commutation be left however to the
combined Court and Jury, no additional labor
or responsibility would be thrown upon them,
and they would be able to act more intelligently
and judiciously than it would be possible for the
Governor to act.

ACCUMULATION OF GOLD.

The stock of gold that is accumulating in the
large cities is truly wonderful. Contrast the
following returns of the banks of the city of
New York, for instance, in February of this year
and of last year:

	Feb. 21, 1857.	Feb. 20, 1858.	Feb. 13, 1858.
Capital,	\$59,383,000	\$65,000,000	\$65,300,000
Loans,	111,773,579	105,706,594	103,709,086
Specie,	10,432,158	31,416,078	30,398,375
Circulation,	5,108,074	6,549,618	6,606,271
Gross Deposits,	92,416,944	96,773,238	94,229,182
Exchanged,	27,250,048	14,769,565	13,803,593
Undrawn,	65,008,896	79,003,637	70,425,589
In Sub-Treas.	14,942,988	369,033	3,284,773

Three times as much specie in the banks now
as there was a year ago. There is a great de-
crease in the Sub-Treasury—Uncle Sam being
poor enough now-a-days—but, even considering
the deficiency there, the amount is eight mil-
lions in excess of last year, and is constantly
increasing. Some estimate that by June next,
the specie in the banks will amount to \$40,-
000,000. And what is true of New York, is
doubtless true, in a degree, of all the Eastern
cities.

The cause of this we take to be the flow of
gold from the country and from California to
the Atlantic ports, in payment of debts; and the
cessation of equivalent shipments to Europe,
owing to the decrease of importations. It was
recently stated that the importations into Bos-
ton for January, 1858, were only about one-
tenth of those for January, 1857. In other
words, the capitalists of the East are realizing
their capitals—collecting, and not paying out
again.

But something must be done with this cap-
ital. Doing nothing, it pays no interest—and
capital which pays no interest is a capitalist's
great horror. Of course, investments are being
looked for, and the stock market is naturally
the first to feel the effect. Stocks have risen
very rapidly of late; and, though there may be
occasional seasons of depression, with such an
accumulation of capital, the market, it would
seem, must at least hold its own.

But stocks will not monopolize this capital.
Trade, Land, Produce, &c., it seems to us, will
before long begin to testify to the fact that, in
certain hands, money is again abundant. If land
is now held low in the West, as we suppose it
is, capital will begin to be attracted again to that
quarter. Breadstuffs and Cotton, also, at their
present low prices, will attract purchasers.
And thus the money piled up in the Cities, will
begin to flow back into the country, and com-
mence anew its mutually beneficial errands from
West to East and East to West again.

It will be noticed that with three times the
amount of specie, the loans of the New York Banks
are eight millions less than at the corresponding
period last year; while the circulation is a mil-
lion and a-half less. The Banks would thus
seem to be in a very sound condition—prepared
to aid business operations as soon as proper de-
mands are made upon them.

So all looks well—even better than could be
expected. And now—if possible—let us have
a steady, even business. Let ridiculous specu-
lations, for some years at least, be discouraged.
Let railroads that run from Nowhere to Nowhere
—for the single purpose of helping to build up
those "great centers of trade"—be built by
those "great centers of trade"—be built by
those who own corner-lots in Nowhere. Let the
dictates of common sense be adhered to for at
least a season. If they are not, we may scarcely
be up on our feet, before we shall be down in
the mud again—and the second fall will be worse
than the first. Assuredly!—as Mahomet used to say.

A NEW GERMANTOWN RAILROAD

We are pleased to see that the stockholders of
the Germantown Turnpike Company have re-
solved to apply for a charter for a horse-power
or "passenger" railroad, to run from the city to
Germantown, and to be extended to Chestnut
Hill, if found desirable.

Notwithstanding that the cars of the present
Germantown Railroad Company are always
filled, an omnibus line from Chestnut Hill is also
well sustained—and the inference, therefore, is,
that a "passenger" railroad would be well sup-
ported.

Such a competition, so far as the present
railroad is concerned, we regret to say is much
needed. The existing railroad has been en-
riched, in a great degree, by the enterprise of those
interested in property in and around Ger-
mantown—and we may add, in the face of the con-
tinued apathy of the road itself. "Some are
born rich, some achieve riches, and some have
riches thrust upon them"—and in the last-named
class is to be placed the Germantown Railroad
Company. We are not aware that any forward
step was ever taken by the management of that
road, except as a result of the most strenuous
urging by those who owned not a dollar of the
stock. But the management have been always
very ready afterwards, in their reports, to
take the credit of the movements in question.

Railroad Companies generally contrive to ac-
quire and preserve the good will of their custom-
ers. The Germantown Railroad Company
have always succeeded so completely in gaining
and keeping the ill will of their passengers,
that they could not have attained that object better
if it had been their constant and undeviating
aim.

It is trifles that annoy men—as every one
knows who has had a grain of sand in his eye.
Last year, the stoves in the Germantown cars
were worn out, and notoriously incapable of
warming the cars. This year we have the old
stoves again, with one exception. Several
ladies, we are told, have had their feet frost-
bitten in the cars this winter, notwithstanding
the unusual mildness of the season.

Not long since a new rule was inaugurated re-
lative to the regular showing of the season
tickets; and gentlemen who have travelled on
the road daily for five or six years, and who
are as well known to the conductors as the Di-
rectors themselves, are now subjected to the
troublesome farce of showing their tickets as
often as they go or return in the cars. The ex-
cuse given for the change was that the company
had been defrauded by some unscrupulous per-
sons—but we are inclined to think the real
reason was, that the passengers were relapsing into
a state of torpor for the Company's infirmi-
ties, and it was necessary to rattle them a little
again.

The other morning, after the deep snow, the
omnibus lines were allowed to place their seats

directly opposite the steps of the cars, so that
passengers could scarcely leave the cars without
getting into the sleighs—and when they man-
aged to make their way around the ends of the
sleighs, they found great banks of snow, thrown
off the pavement, which it was necessary to
wade through. The ladies especially found all
this very pleasant.

Instead of having the cars for Germantown
always stationed at the same spot, they are every
now and then alternated with those for Norria-
town, in order, we suppose, to catch some un-
suspecting passenger if possible, and send him
to the wrong place. The Company show an
ingenuity worthy of a better cause in the per-
versity of these arrangements. They have sign-
boards with the destinations of the cars marked
on them—but as these signboards are very often
just where they ought not to be, no one places
any very great dependence upon their guidance.

Deficiencies like the above may seem of a
trivial character, but they are a type of the
general management, or rather mismanagement,
of the company in all its smaller affairs.

Thankful we are that the slow rate of speed
at which the trains run, saves their passengers
those dangers of collision, and running down
embankments, which are the frequent results of
too great haste in railroad traveling.

For the reasons we have mentioned, and for
others, we welcome the prospect of an opposi-
tion railroad to Germantown. Much experience
has convinced us that the only way to open the
eyes of the existing road, is by touching that
nerve which "crops out" in the region of the
pocket.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

A certain class of literary adventures, as well
as some others not literary, remind us emphati-
cally that we live in the Brazen Age. Lately,
our brains were engaged in reading Emerson's
"Brahma"—the simple principle of criticism on
which they condemned that sweet and solemn hymn
to Deity, being that it was above their compre-
hension. Of course the same simple principle of
criticism would, if applied, send Shakespeare's
Sonnets to the dust-hole. It never occurs to these
smart gentlemen that when they find their intel-
lect or their learning not equal to the task of
deciphering a poet's meaning, the fault may be
in themselves and not in the poem.—But now,
having settled Emerson, some members of the
same tribe have lit upon Burns, and are engaged
in "improving" and "finishing" his exquisite
ballad of "John Anderson my Jo." It may be
questioned whether any richer piece of sacrile-
gious impudence has been presumed upon since
Mr. Nahum Tate favored the world with his im-
proved version of "Lear," or Mr. Martin Far-
quhar Tupper undertook to complete Coleridge's
"Christabel." A modest man having conceived
the idea of such a project, might be led to con-
sider whether genius at least equal to that of
Burns, was not a necessary condition for the
task of adding even a word to one of Burns's
lyrics. But a pity saying, which advises us that
persons endowed with a certain quality of intel-
lect are prone to rush in where angels fear to
tread, furnishes a comprehensive explanation of
the fact that certain individuals have done for
Burns's ballad, what Burns himself omitted to do.
To any respectable criticism of the lyric under
notice—to any reasonably supported complaint
of its incompleteness—we would have no ob-
jection. But "criticism" is not construction,
but observation;—and the ability to see wherein
a work of art is deficient, by no means implies
the ability, or warrants the attempt, to supply
the deficiency. Hence, when any man thinks
Burns's lyric lacks a stanza, let him rest in that
thought, unless he can show credentials for further
procedure.

Here is Burns's lyric—complete, consummate
—as he left it:—

"John Anderson, my Jo, John,
When we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was bent;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my Jo.

"John Anderson, my Jo, John,
We clamb the hill together;
And many a canty day,
We've had wae anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep together at the foot,
John Anderson, my Jo."

To the tender significance of these lines, one
gentleman, as blind to their poetic reach and
meaning as if his head had been in a bag, lacks
the following, which reminds us of a diabolical
piano to the royal tartan of a Scottish king:—

"John Anderson, my Jo, John,
We've found the mountain's fit,
And whether we gae lower, John,
Or up, I know not yet;
But whether with the jist, John,
Or with the doomed below,
Ye hae a wife to goe wi' ye,
John Anderson, my Jo.

"John Anderson, my Jo, John,
We shall not sleep forever;
Our God will call us up, John,
And we will rise together,
And to our Father's house, John,
We joyfully will go,
And there, forever, we will live,
John Anderson, my Jo."

The maudlin dubiety and coarse jocularity of
the first of these stanzas, and the insipid com-
monplace and sentimental piety of the second,
are indeed congruous and proper elements to
mingle with the tender cheerfulness and simple
pathos of Burns's ballad! But here is another
burst from another muse:—

"John Anderson, my Jo, John,
When we again awake,
Our Balm we will collect, John,
And then our journey take;
For hearts devoid of guile, John,
Find friends where'er they go,
And seraph high shall guide us right,
John Anderson, my Jo."

The paper in which we find this stanza thinks
the Scotch song "is Christianized, if not im-
proved, by the addition." We must leave this
critic "to enjoy undisturbed the full gravity of
his judgment," as Lord Bacon has it, and pass
on to yet another attempt:—

"John Anderson, my Jo, John,
When we have slept together,
The sleep, that's naught to sleep, John,
We'll wake wi' anither;
And in that better world, John,
See sorrow shall we know;
Not fear we e'er shall part again,
John Anderson, my Jo."

The editors of the *Home Journal*, in which the
above stanza appears, characterize it as "simple,
touching, true—noting wanting, and nothing to

spare; precisely harmonizing with the original
stanza, and improving them by the fact of com-
pleting them."

This is really too bad! But this is not all.
Speaking of the final stanza of Burns's poem the
Home Journal remarks:—

"Fine as this is, it does not quite satisfy a
contemplative mind; when one has gone so far,
he looks and longs for something more—some-
thing beyond the foot of the hill."

This is looking at the poem with glass eyes,
indeed! In the first place, Burns himself could
not have added another stanza to the ballad as it
stands, without destroying its poetic unity, and
he knew it well. On pure artistic considera-
tions, no image can be superinduced upon that
image of supreme repose which crowns and
closes the lyric. Any such must as a matter of
necessity, have the effect of an anti-climax. But
what is it that these gentlemen-amateurs report
missing in the lyric, and try to supply? Heav-
en. Now it seems to us the very same of
obtuseness on their part, not to see that that is
already there—profoundly implied, exquisitely
suggested by the closing lines of the ballad.
Does any one, reading "John Anderson my Jo,"
lay it down, thinking of annihilation and the
patriotic of the grave? No. Why then this
talk about "something beyond the foot of the hill?"
Why this matter-of-fact verification about
a better world? In those bright, soft
images of the journey of youth now over, of
pleasant days long parted, of peaceful age wear-
ing away in a halcyon satisfaction of love, of
affectionate companionship outlasting even mortal
life, of the blissful repose of married hearts
when all the world's vicissitudes are over, and
in the prevailing impressions of contentment
and constancy, of calm cheerfulness and deep
rest, which the poem leaves in the mind of the
reader are golden intimations of that heavenly
"something beyond the foot of the hill"—tran-
quil visions of that "better world." All this means
heaven, and nothing else. His must be a very
poetic mind that can read these verses so liter-
ally as to make corruption and nibility out of
them. The tones of this harp indeed are mortal,
but they leave celestial echoes in the soul.
Beneath the apparent sense there is a subtler
and a finer sense, as there is in all imaginative
poetry. It must be looked for not with the eye
alone, for that sees only the superficial and most
obvious meaning. It would be looked for with
the eye of the eye. Would that the poetsasters
could see this, and let "John Anderson" alone!
To add anything to, or take anything away from,
the work of a man of genius is a sort of impiety,
and the Goths and Vandals who are always doing
this thing, ought to be kicked through a year of
truelcent paragraphs "o'er the world's edge to
limbo!"

TO A LADY WITH HER BACK TO ME.

I know thy face is fresh and bright,
Thou angel-moulded girl,
I caught one glimpse of purest white,
I saw one Auburn curl.
Oh, would the whispering ripples breathe
The thoughts that vainly strive—
She turns—she turns to look on me—
Black! cross-eyed! seventy-five!"
—Holmes.

'Tis a silly conceit, that men without
languages are also without understanding. It's
apparent, in all ages, that some such have been
even prodigies for ability; for it's not to be
believed that wisdom speaks to her disciples
only in Latin, and Greek and Hebrew.—South.

HOW TO MAKE TEA.—Go to any cheap
advertising grocers, and you will soon learn (to
your cost) how tea is made!

It seems to me that most of the doc-
trines of the philosophers are more fearful and
cautionary than the nature of things requireth.
So have they increased the fear of death in offer-
ing to cure it; for when they would have a
man's whole life to be but a discipline or prepa-
ration to die, they must needs make men think
that it is a terrible enemy, against whom there
is need of preparing.—Lord Bacon.

The human race, says Charles Lamb,
according to the best theory that I can form of
it, is composed of two distinct races—the men
who borrow and the men who lend. To these
two original characteristics may be reduced all
those impertinent classifications of Gothic and
Celtic tribes, white men, black men, red men.
All the dwellers upon earth, "Persians and
Medes and Elamites," flock hither, and do na-
turally fall in with one or the other of these
primary distinctions.

You will fail to find a friend if you seek
one without a failing.

Scandal is what one-half the world takes
pleasure in inventing, and the other half equal
pleasure in believing.

A rich man one day asked a man of wit
what sort of a thing opulence was. "It is a
thing," replied the philosopher, "which can
give a rascal the advantage over an honest
man."

SEEK NOT TO KNOW TO-MORROW'S DOOM;
That is not ours, which is to come.
The present moment's all our store;
The next, should Heaven allow,
Then this will be no more;
So all our life is but one instant now.

"I have heard of few things more touch-
ing than the reply of a Hindu peasant, who
brought an English babe to the fort. Rewards
were pressed on him, but he refused them all,
saying, 'if I have done rightly, dig a well to my
memory.'"—Letter from India.

"CHAP."—This word is stated to be de-
rived from the gipsy word *chabo* or *chavo*, a boy,
or a young lad; the feminine form, *chabi*, is used
for a girl.

Dr. South says: "The tale-bearer and
the tale-hearer should be hanged up both to-
gether—the former by the tongue, the latter by
the ear."

Stealing never makes a man rich, unless
never make a man poor, and prayer never hin-
ders a man's business.

ILLEGAL CORN MEASURE.—A tight
shoe.

Somebody once remarked, that the Eng-
lishman is never happy but when he is miser-
able; the Scotchman is never at home but when
he is abroad; and the Irishman is never at peace
but when he is fighting.

WHAT ARE ANOTHER'S FAULTS TO ME?
I've not a virtue's bill
To peek at every flaw I see,
And make it wider still.

It is enough for me to know
I've follies of my own,
And on my heart the care bestow,
And let my friends alone.

We admire exactness, and there is no-
thing like having dates for every event. Chy-
reau, in his History of the World, informs us
that it was created on the 6th of September,
on a Friday, a little after four o'clock in the
afternoon.

The essence of greatness is the percep-
tion that virtue is enough.—Emerson.

There are two great promoters of social
happiness—cheerful people, and people who
have some rectitude. The latter are more secure
benefits to society even than the former. They
are non-conductors of all the heats and animosi-
ties around them.

THE UTAH EXPEDITION.—INDICTMENTS FOR
HIGH TREASON.—We have advice from Camp
Scott, the headquarters of the Utah Expedition,
to the 5th of January.

The health of the army continued good, and
the weather was remarkably mild for that region.
Very little snow had fallen in the immediate
vicinity of the camp and the ground was most of
the time almost bare.

The U. S. District Court had indicted Brigham
Young, and Elder Kimball and others, for high
treason.

The Mormon Legislature was still in session.
The latest dates received from the States were
to the 1st of October, and much anxiety was felt
to hear further from the East, in consequence of
the rumored money panic.

VERY CURIOUS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor:—I have for the last seven years
made myself a livelihood by fishing for turtles on
the coast of Florida, during which time I have
frequently noticed some peculiar traits in the
character of the Lauger-head. When comes on
their laying season—which is from the first
of July until the middle of September—the fe-
male Lauger-head will leave the water and come
on the sandy banks to deposit her eggs, which
she will do, even if she knows she is watched,
before returning to the water. The prelimi-
naries are certainly curious; she looks around
until one would suppose she had found a place to
suit her, then she will commence digging a hole,
which, when done, will hold about a peck. The
hole is about four inches across the bottom, about
eight inches half way up, with about two and a
half inches at the mouth—being shaped like a jug.
After she has it dug out completely, she invari-
ably fills it up and moves off about five or six
paces (not turtle paces) and lays another just
like the first, in which she lays her eggs,
taking her about a half hour to accomplish her
undertaking. And strange to say, the last egg
fills the hole up so completely that it would be
impossible to get in another egg. I have fre-
quently dug them out and tried to replace them
in the most complete manner without breaking,
when I would find invariably, at least one-sixth
of her laying left, which I could not get back in
the hole from which I had just taken them.

Feb. 19th, 1858. S. J.

THE BURNING OF THE PACIFIC HOTEL AT ST. LOUIS.

The St. Louis papers bring the details of the
burning of the St. Louis Hotel, which has been
already referred to.

The origin of the disastrous conflagration is at
present not known with certainty. The pre-
vailing impression is that the flames first broke
out in the rear of the drug store of Dumont &
Jones, one door from the corner of Seventh
street, but how has not yet been explained.
The clerk, who had only been three days in the
establishment, and who slept in the back part,
states that when he was awakened by the glare
of the light, the whole of the western portion of
the building was in flames. This was from half
an hour to three-quarters before the steam en-
gines arrived. He had not previously heard any
alarm. There was half a barrel of turpentine,
a barrel of oil, and some other combustibles in
that part of the store, where, report says, the
fire originated.

From the best information that we can gather,
there were about one hundred persons sleeping
in the hotel at the time of the occurrence. It
appears that the entire building was enveloped
in the raging element before scarcely any of the
lodgers were awakened to the full sense of their
danger. And when the inmates were finally
aroused, it was only to find all opportunities of
escape closed to them, for the staircases in front
and behind were already gone, and the nearly so
that an attempt to escape by those means would
be only rushing into the arms of inevitable death.

The scene that ensued baffles any attempt at
description. The rushing of men, women and
children to and fro to avoid the blistering heat,
and to search for ways to reach the streets; the
shrieks of the terror-stricken and the groans of
those bound to their rooms by walls of scorching
fire; the shouts of those who had been called to
the spot from the surrounding neighborhood, the
clambering over awnings and reeling joints,
the falling floors with their loads of heavy fur-
niture and their dearer burden of human lives—
all this and more that was intensely terrible and
foul, it is not given to our pen to adequately
describe.

The stairs gone, the roof and floors in-
ch giving way, and the lurid flames shooting
up momentarily thicker and hotter, many sought
to escape the impending hazard of being burned
to death, through the scarcely less dangerous
prospect of jumping to the ground from the win-
dows. Of those who endeavored to do so, several
lives in this way, we saw six at the Sister's Hos-
pital yesterday. Mr. H. Hubbard, who arrived
in St. Louis from Boston about eight weeks
since, was occupying, with his lady, a room on
the third floor. Mrs. H. was first aroused and
awakened her husband. Hardly had he come to
be conscious of the cause of the surrounding
confusion, when he saw his wife endeavoring to
climb out of the window on Poplar street. Seeing
no other viable means of saving himself he fol-
lowed her, and both fell, not far apart, on the pav-
ement. Mrs. Hubbard had one of her legs frac-
tured in two places and had the knee cap of the
other dislocated. Besides this, her lower jaw
was broken in two places, and she was so badly
injured that she will survive. Mr. Hubbard had the ankle
joint and hip of his left leg displaced, and re-
ceived a severe contusion on the forehead. He is
not thought to be in a dangerous condition.

Mrs. H. Hunter, endeavoring to leave the
building after having been badly burnt, by
jumping from the window, fell, and in the fall,
one of her legs was broken, and her head se-
verely cut. She was placed in a furniture car,
to be conveyed to the Sister's Hospital, but be-
fore arriving there she was a corpse.

James F. Geary, local reporter of the Leader,
of this city, in attempting to escape with his
wife and children, fell from the second story of
one of the buildings, and in the fall, he and his
legs, by some means his right foot was cut to
the bone, from about the middle of the heel. It
is feared, too, that his lungs are injured from in-
haling hot air. He is thought to be in a critical
situation.

Eliza Hayes has a broken thigh, and is very
much injured on the head. One of his eyes is
burnt and swollen exceedingly, and in another
eye he has a burn. When he saw him, he was in much
pain, and laboring under confusion of the brain.
He was unable to answer questions. As far as
we can ascertain from various sources, he is a
stranger in the city, from Wisconsin. There is
little no hope of his recovery.

Three persons were seen to jump from the sec-
ond story of the back part of the building, at
the same time. Two of them got off without
much injury. The other was taken on a plank
to a fruit store on Sixth street below Poplar,
where he died about eight o'clock. The latter
we understand to be T. Hart Strong, a lawyer
of this city.

THE PACIFIC HOTEL, CATASTROPHE—AR-
REST FOR ARSON AND MURDER.—Charles L.
Taylor, alias Sanders, has been arrested at St

LETTER FROM PARIS.

RIVAL PREPARATIONS—A SPLENDID FETE—AN IMPERIAL INDUSTRY.

Paris, February 4, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The Emperor, moved thereto by the late attempt on his life, has just issued a decree, completing the Statute-Consults of July 17, 1856, in its provisions for the Regency in case of the crown devolving to a minor. The Empress, by this decree, will become Regent by the mere fact of the Emperor's decease, without his having made other arrangements; and a Privy-Council, composed of the two nearest heirs to the Imperial succession, the Archbishop of Paris, the Duke of Malakoff (Marshal Pelissier) Achille Fould, Trochu, De Morny, Baroche, and De Persigny, now first constituted, will become, by the event of such decease, the Council of the Regency, with the Empress at its head, and the depositary of the supreme power during the minority of the heir. Should the army be faithful to the Empire, the latter might have a chance of maintaining itself after the death of its present chief; without that support, Regency, Council, and heir, would be swept off in an hour. The sympathies of the army are thought to be divided, principally between the Napoleonists and the Orleansists. The latter, as remarked in my last, are organizing their programme in case of the Emperor's fall; and as they have certainly a large party in the army, there is thus a tolerably clear prospect that a civil war, in addition to the more transitory horrors of street-fighting, would follow the cutting short of the life of the present ruler.

But "sufficient to the day" is its own political uncertainty; and leaving the future destinies of this richly-gifted people, so wasteful in its expenditure of its resources, to be settled when the time of settlement arrives, let me chronicle the important fact that the ball given by Lord Cowley on the 26th of last month, in honor of the marriage of the Princess Royal of England, was one of the most splendid successes in its way ever achieved in this splendid-loving capital. As the people of Paris are too much accustomed to "dance on a volcano" to think of curtailing their amusements because the political horizon happens to be gloomy, all the gay world would have got itself invited to the ball at the British Embassy. But there are limits to the capacity of the most hospitable ball-rooms; and moreover, on this occasion, Lord and Lady Cowley had determined to admit no more guests than the rooms could comfortably hold, so as to avoid all risk of the undignified cramming so common here, and whose results are so fatal to the costumes of the belles that get wedged in the doorways, leaving there sometimes the greater part of their perishable draperies. In order to ensure to the *fete* a propriety and elegance worthy of its "august" occasion, the invitations were extended only to the "cream of the cream" of grandees now here; and the refusals of prayers for tickets were counted not by hundreds but by thousands!

The ball-room was hung with blue and white damask, and magnificently ornamented, the arms of France and England being conspicuously intermingled. The ball was graced by the appearance of the Emperor in black, with the blue ribbon of the Garter taking precedence of his other orders, and of the Empress in a white robe trimmed, in honor of the occasion, with a profusion of plaid ribbons. The toilettes were magnificent, and every body was blazing with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, the greater part of which—the assembly being so carefully chosen—were probably real, though such is not generally the case, the cunning artificers of Paris now producing imitations that the eye of the most experienced jeweller cannot distinguish from real without the application of other tests. One grand diplomatic lady lost a gorgeous diamond necklace during a dance; but the missing ornament was happily found by the Chevalier d'Antas, who was permitted to re-claim it round the fair owner's neck. One stone, however, had been knocked from its place in the fall; but happily the jewel was discovered, (unhurt, being a true diamond, and so not brittle like the false ones) under the satin shoe of another dancer. The introduction of a chorus of voices, by which all the quadrilles were sung, the orchestra only giving the other dances, was voted on all hands to be a charming innovation, and will doubtless be imitated by many givers of *fetes*. The change from the strains of the instruments to those of the human voice, produced indeed a most delightful effect.

Instead of the cold collation usual on such occasions, the company were agreeably surprised to find themselves called on to sit down to a hot supper composed of the most luxurious viands, and set out in a pavilion erected for the purpose in the garden behind the hotel. The tables were filled thrice over, and the splendid supper—at which disappeared all the unrivaled Madeiras of 1804, which had formed one of the choicest treasures of the late Marshal-Duke of Ragusa's cellar, purchased by Lord Cowley at the recent sale after the death of the Duchess—was the crowning success of the evening. The Emperor and Empress supped in a saloon fitted up for them; and dancing was kept up until four o'clock in the morning. As the English Ambassadors in all the Capitals of Europe gave a similar entertainment on the same evening, it may be said, without much exaggeration, that the quinquessence of the nobility and gentry of Europe were, at the same time, the guests of Queen Victoria.

But I took up my pen with the intention of chronicling, not the gay doings of courtly visitants, but a most ingenious resuscitation of the beautiful art of the Mosaic-worker, so brilliant in other days, though so much neglected in our own; a new method of production, which promises to render this beautiful style of ornamentation an important element in architectural embellishment. But before entering on this part of my subject, let me ask the attention of your readers to a brief review of the nature and vicissitudes of the art in question.

The art of the Mosaic-worker is exceedingly ancient; having flourished successively in Assyria, Persia, Egypt and Greece. From the latter country it was introduced, in the time of Sylla, into Rome, where it took root rapidly, and whence it spread throughout Italy, to the remotest provinces of the Empire.

tion, the patterns to be represented, was composed, in the earliest times, of fragments of bricks and stones of different colors.

In Persia, the Mosaisists at first employed cubes or dice of two colors only, so disposed as to form a variety of simple patterns; until, as they gradually enlarged their stock of materials, they began to imitate the designs and colors of their richest tissues, substituting cubes of the rarest and most beautiful marbles for the bits of brick and other inferior substances formerly employed in this species of composition.

It was among the Greeks that the *lithostrotos*, or Mosaic composed of cubes of various colors, but of equal dimensions, forming a simple pattern repeated at regular intervals, and principally employed in paving the interiors of public and private edifices, was first modified by the substitution of pieces of various shape and size, determined by the exigencies of the subject to be represented. This innovation, spoken of by Pliny as *genus pavimenti Iracanicum*, and known in Italy at the present day as *lavoro a composto*, constitutes a species of inlaying similar to the modern marquetry, but composed of stone instead of wood.

The Mosaic art was subsequently still further modified by the employment of fragments of marble, of irregular shape, but exceedingly minute. In this species of Mosaic, called *opus vermiculatum*, the fragments of marble were mixed into a sort of stucco, forming a colored paste, which was employed in the production of patterns in relief, disposed over a wooded surface, in the same manner as the cubes employed in the primitive Mosaic. The minuteness of the fragments thus employed, affording additional facilities for the representation of subjects offering a great variety of outline, the innovation was rapidly adopted, and the Mosaisists now began to attempt the representation of a higher order of subjects, geometrical figures, animals, flowers, mythological and historical personages and scenes. Mosaic pictures became the rage in Rome, emperors and patricians set the fashion, and the provincials followed in their steps. Such was the favor with which their art was now regarded, that the Roman Mosaisists, to obviate the dullness of the colors hitherto employed, had recourse to the use of the most costly jewels, and made use of emeralds, turquoises, agates, cornelians, onyx, jaspers and other precious stones, imparting to their productions a brilliancy of tone never before attained.

But the increased cost of the Mosaic pictures, composed of these expensive materials, exercising an injurious influence upon their sale, the Mosaisists now turned their attention to the discovery of some other substances that should be equally brilliant in tone, but less costly. This desideratum was at length supplied by the Greeks, who were the first to make use of colored glass in the production of Mosaisics. The works executed in this new material were remarkable for their richness of tone, clearness of design, and delicacy of finish; and this species of Mosaic was thenceforth employed, not only for the pavements and domes of edifices, but also for the adornment of their walls and pillars, and even in the ornamentation of articles of furniture.

The use of glass in Mosaic became general in the reign of Constantine, and was introduced under his auspices into Byzantium, whence it spread throughout the Eastern Empire, in which it remained in honor until the invasion of the Turks. The Byzantine Mosaisists introduced many important improvements into the art; among others, that of covering minute cubes of marble with a layer of glass, under which they introduced gold and silver leaf, a proceeding from which the art of enamelling took its rise.

But neither the conquering Turks, nor the iconoclasts of the sixteenth century, respected the Mosaisists or their works. Banished from Constantinople, the art took refuge in Venice, where its first efforts were employed in the decoration of the famous Church of St. Mark, and whence it was disseminated throughout Italy, flourishing especially in Florence, and in Rome, where it was encouraged by the popes.

The age of Leon X. was fertile in works of Mosaic, which were equally in demand for pictures and for floorings.

As early as the tenth century, the pavements of churches were frequently composed of stones of various colors, representing legendary or biblical subjects. The succeeding century witnessed the creation of many beautiful works of this nature, not only in Italy, but also in France, where the pavements of the Cathedral of Rheims—executed by Guyon Wide, in small pieces of jasper, porphyry and marble, painted and enamelled, and representing in its several compartments the Twelve Apostles, Seven Arts, Four Seasons, and Twelve Months of the Year—and that of the Church of St. Philippe at Tournai—representing the twelve Signs of the Zodiac and other subjects—still challenge admiration, and invite the attention of the lovers of the art.

It was not, however, until the 15th and 16th centuries that Mosaic floors came largely into use, under the name of Venetian pavements, from the development which this artistic industry had attained in Venice. At a later period, Napoleon I., under the influence of Guinguet, attempted to found a School of Mosaic in France, and for that purpose, invited into that country several skillful Mosaic-workers of Venice, at whose head he placed a distinguished artist, Belloni, the successful restorer of the Mosaic in the Museum of Lyons. But it was found impossible to produce Mosaisics except at a price so much higher than that of the ignoble floorings of brick and stone in vogue in that country, that the attempt to induce the French to substitute the former for the latter was altogether without success; and although supported by the patronage of the Government, the enterprise languished, and was at length abandoned.

The inevitable costliness of this species of work, as formerly carried on, appears to have been the determining cause of the decline of the Mosaic art at various periods. We have seen that marble, granite, serpentine, jasper, porphyry, agates, aventurines, malachite, chalcidony, and other equally expensive substances, formed the staple materials of the old Mosaisists of Greece and Italy; materials whose original costliness was enormously enhanced by the amount of skilled and delicate manual labor required for their cutting into the minute cubes demanded for the work of composition, and of which at least five thousand were employed in the production of every square yard of pictorial surface. Besides this laborious preparation of the cubes, the design to be re-produced had to be notched out to the depth of about half an inch in the slab of marble which formed the

basis of the work; the required cubes being then placed side by side in the hollows thus formed, and fixed in place by means of a stucco composed of lime and marble-dust, after which the surface of the Mosaic was carefully polished with sandstone.

It is evident that the results of so complicated and costly a process could only be obtained at a price which necessarily restricted their application to the embellishment of public monuments, the palaces of sovereigns, and the mansions of opulent patricians. And although the substitution of cubes of colored glass by the Byzantine artists, as already mentioned, enabled the Mosaisists of Greece and Italy to effect a considerable reduction in the cost of their work, while producing compositions which they regarded as their finest and most precious *chef d'œuvres*, this reduction was not sufficient to bring the creations of the Mosaic-worker within reach of any but the wealthier portion of the community.

A very ingenious attempt to bring this beautiful branch of ornament within the scope of ordinary purses—as far, at least, as its adaptation to pavements and floors is concerned—is now being made in the neighborhood of Valenciennes, where the discovery of an extensive bed of argillaceous ochre, whose various strata offer a great variety of color, while the clay is found to be susceptible of indefinite modification of hue and shade by the admixture of coloring matters, and of acquiring in the kiln a degree of hardness so great that bricks made of it, when rubbed against silex, scratch the silex, while preserving their own surface intact, has led to the establishment of works for the manufacture of Mosaic floors.

In this factory the clay, masses of which have been previously colored to every variety of hue called for in pictorial production, is carefully kneaded to the proper consistency, moulded, with the aid of machinery worked by steam, into cubes of the desired size, which are then baked in a kiln. These cubes, which are thus produced with the greatest rapidity, and with a precision of form and identity of size such as could never be obtained by the chisel of the old lapidaries, and so hard that they cannot be broken with a hammer, are then packed for use in separate receptacles, each shade by itself.

Each shade of color, moreover, is distinguished by its own number, which is repeated on the bottom of the cubes; so that the workman employed in the re-production of a given design has only to place, upon a basis prepared for the operation, the cubes indicated by the numbering of the squares in the pattern before him.

In this method of working, the numbered end of the cubes is uppermost; the surface which will eventually court the eye being underneath. The cubes, being tapered off at the bottom so as to be narrower at their numbered end, the surface which is uppermost under the workman's hand presents a succession of interstitial rectangular lines, intersecting one another over its whole extent; and these interstices, on the completion of the design are filled with a fluid bituminous cement, which connects the cubes together, and which, becoming excessively hard as it cools, converts them into a solid mass, whose component parts adhere together with a force of cohesion that resists all efforts to disunite them. The slabs of Mosaic thus completed by the hardening of the cement—the ingredients of which are varied according to the temperature of the locality to which the Mosaic is destined—are removed from the frame, packed, and forwarded to their destination, where they are laid down upon a bed of cement previously prepared for their reception.

Mosaic pictures of any size or style, and whose beauty depends simply on the genius of the artist who created the picture that has served as its pattern, which can never fade, and which, being too hard to be scratched or chipped by any amount of wear, bid fair to last for an indefinite length of time, may thus be procured at the comparatively trifling cost of about a guinea the square yard; while designs composed of a repetition of geometrical figures, and a limited number of colors, executed in cubes of larger size, and producing something of the same effect as ordinary floor-cloths—but as impermeable to damp, and as indestructible as the more elaborate pictorial Mosaisics—are to be had at various prices down to about seven shillings the square yard.

It would seem to be not improbable therefore, that the decaying art of the Mosaic-worker may be destined once more to revive and flourish; and beautiful and effective as this branch of pictorial embellishment may undoubtedly be made, the ingenious method of production just described, bringing it for the first time within the range of popular sympathy, may perhaps give to this immortal branch of artistic industry a permanent footing in the architecture of modern days.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.—PROCEEDINGS IN PARLIAMENT.—THE FRENCH INSULTS EXPLAINED.—REPLY OF LORD CANTON.—COTTON ADVANCED.

The Anglo-Saxon brings dates to the 10th ult. She was detained twelve hours off Cape Race by ice.

ENGLAND.—In the House of Peers, on the 8th ultimo, Lord Lyndhurst inquired whether any communications had passed between the British and French governments respecting certain insulting paragraphs in the Paris "Moniteur." He considered that the French government, by authorizing the publication of the insults, had taken the responsibility.

Lord Granville said that a note had been received from Count Walewski, explaining away the publication of these addresses, and expressing the regret of the Emperor at the appearance of anything offensive to England.

A vote of thanks has been passed in both Houses of Parliament to the army in India, after some objections being made by Lord Canning being included in the vote.

Lord Palmerston, in asking leave to present the bill to amend the penal law, said that the government had no intention to propose any measure, although driven to consider the present state of the law in regard to conspiracies. He concluded by pointing out the necessity for amendment on general grounds.

Mr. Kingsland moved an amendment that the House do not assent to the bill for the demand of Count Walewski, until further information is afforded by the production of the communications between the two governments subsequent to that despatch. He was not inclined to alter the municipal law of the country at the demand of any power.

A variety of speeches were made against the proposed measure, including a very sarcastic one by Mr. Roebuck.

The following evening the debate was resumed, when speeches in its favor were made by Lord John Russell, Mr. D'Iscalli and others.

Lord Palmerston's motion was finally agreed to, by a vote of 230 against 99.

The London Post says that one of the principal causes of the late insurrection of Napoleon is an Englishman, named Thomas Allip, an ex-member of the Stock Exchange.

The despatch from the French Minister of Foreign Affairs to the French Ambassador in London, is couched in moderate language. It concludes by expressing confidence in the excellent reason of the English Cabinet, abstains from all intimation as regards suitable measures, and thinks that the French Government shall not have appealed in vain to their honor and loyalty.

Severe election riots have occurred at Lime-ridge. Many persons were seriously injured.—The military succeeded in restoring order.

INDIA AND CHINA.—Sir Colin Campbell had taken possession of Ferokehab, which was abandoned by the enemy on the 26th. Gornahabgong was taken on the 6th, by the forces under Maharajah Jung Bahadur, and seven guns taken.—Two hundred of the enemy were killed. The English loss was only two Gorkhans killed and seven wounded. The roads between Delhi and Calcutta were open.

The combined forces landed at Canton on the 25th of December, including 4,600 British and 900 French. The walls were escaladed on the 28th, and the heights within the town taken possession of by nine o'clock in the morning. The enemy feebly contested the advance within the city.

The captain of the ship *Aetion* was killed. The Times' despatch says that the bombardment of Canton, which began on the 28th, and continued all day and night. The assault was made in three divisions, at six o'clock in the morning.

Gough's fort was taken, and two others were blown up. The Chinese continue to fire from their houses, but the troops were restrained from entering the city.

Tai had considerably declined at Hong Kong. FRANCE.—It is believed that M. Espagnac will eventually become Minister of Police, and that the present appointment is merely provisional. M. Drouin de L'Hay is likely to succeed as Minister of the Interior.

SPAIN.—A new revolutionary plot has been discovered. Mr. Pizarro, a French proscriptionist, and supplies of arms and ammunition were seized in houses near the Palace.

SWITZERLAND.—A difficulty is reported to have occurred between France and Switzerland, with regard to political refugees.

PRUSSIA.—The Prince and Princess of Prussia have their public entry into Berlin on the 10th inst. They were met at the station by the Prussian army, and were received with great enthusiasm.

The King of Prussia was expected to proceed to Cannes, France, for the benefit of his health.

SWEDEN.—Another Swedish loan of eight millions is announced, to be employed in the construction of railroads.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, Feb. 23.—The sales of cotton for last three days, have been 27,000 bales, including 9,000 to speculators, and 20,000 for export. All qualities have advanced 1/4, the market closing firm.

The Manchester advices are favorable. LIVERPOOL BREADSTUFFS MARKET, Feb. 9.—Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co. quote flour dull and quiet. Corn dull and quotations barely maintained. Wheat firm.

Beef quiet; Pork dull at 54 1/2; Bacon also dull; Lard inactive; Tallow dull at 28 1/2. Sugar quiet and steady; Coffee quiet; Rice inactive; Pot and Pearl Ashes dull, and quotations barely maintained; Indigo quiet; Turpentine firm.

LONDON MARKETS, Feb. 9.—Tobacco is slow of sale, but prices are unaltered; Coffee buoyant; Rice heavy. Sales of Indigo at a considerable decline; Pig iron on the Clyde, 55s 6d 5/8.

LONDON MONEY MARKET, Feb. 9.—Money is in more demand than yesterday, and is consequently dearer. Consols 95 1/2 for money, and 95 1/2 for account.

QUANTUM.

His safety was in darkest ways,
Where youth is lighted from above,
Where, through the senses' silvery haze,
Dawns the veiled world of nuptial love.
Who is the Happy Husband? He
Who, scanning his unwedded life,
Thanks Heaven, with a conscience free,
'Twas faithful to his future Wife.

—The Angel in the House.

"And when he had agreed with the laborers for a penny a day, he sent them into his vineyard." The Roman penny is the eighth of an ounce, which, at the rate of five shillings the ounce, is seven pence half-penny sterling, equal to 124 cents.

The sternest sum-total of all worldly misfortune is Death; nothing more can lie in the cup of human woe; yet many men, in all ages, have triumphed over Death, and led it captive; converting its physical victory into a moral victory for themselves, into a seal and immortal consecration for what their past life had achieved. What has been done, may be done again; nay, it is but the degree and not the kind of such heroism that differs in different seasons.—Curley: Essay on Burial.

Rei' hair is a favorite amongst the Moors. The Moorish and Arab ladies often use red dye, and they bind up their hair with red tape. They envy the Saxons when they hear them called the red-haired nation.

"How do you and your friends feel now?" said an exultant politician in one of our Western States to a former irritable member of the defeated party. "I suppose," said the latter, "we feel just as Lazarus did when he was ticked by dogs."

A young naval officer, when asked what period of the battle was the most appalling, replied, "The few hushed moments when they sprinkle the deck with sand, to drink the human blood as yet unshed."

NEWS ITEMS.

A PRIVATE LETTER from Berlin, Wisconsin, dated Feb. 9, gives the following extraordinary low rates for produce in that place:—Wheat 17 cents per bushel; corn, 17 cents per bushel; corn, 20 cents per bushel; potatoes, 12 1/2 cents per bushel; butter, 12 1/2 cents per pound; eggs, 11 cents per dozen; white beans, 6 1/2 cents per bushel, while, last spring, they brought \$4 per bushel in the market. Hay is selling at from \$2 to \$2.50 per ton, and good hickory wood brings \$2 per cord.

MANUFACTURING IN RHODE ISLAND.—The last returns of the Rhode Island manufactures show 54 cotton mills on full time, 12 on short time, and 13 stopped. The returns of all the manufacturing and mechanical establishments show 100 on full time, 61 on short time or partial operation, 19 stopped; 37,525 hands on full time, 10,805 on short time, 8,198 idle. Compared with the week before, there was an increase of 10 mills and over 2,000 hands working full time. The number of hands totally out of employment decreased 560.

THE BRITISH HOUSE OF LORDS.—By the master-roll of the "Lords spiritual and temporal" of the present British Parliament, it appears that the whole number who compose the upper house, or House of Lords, is four hundred and fifty-one. Of the entire catalogue, exclusive of princes of royal blood, there are only one hundred and eighteen peers whose titles are older than the reign of George III.

HAVING A FINE TIME OF IT.—Harris Crowell shipped as steward, recently, of the brig *Henrietta*, on a voyage from Boston, Mass., to Truxillo, Honduras, but on the second day after sailing he disappeared, and was supposed to have fallen overboard. On the brig's arrival at Truxillo, the steward made his appearance, when it was found that he had been stowed away in a sumptuous manner. He had been there 22 days, and in that time had consumed eight baskets of champagne, six boxes of raisins, ham, &c. to the amount of \$250. He will be sent to the United States for trial.

ARTIFICIAL CAR DRUMS are now made of fine silver wire, with a disk of India rubber or gutta percha between. They are placed in the car and worn without inconvenience; and it is said the effect is magical.

THE PACKET of the 19th of December says:—"The fact of an armed revolt in Minas, Brazil, headed by Brígido Silveira, appears certain, and that is enough as a certain harbinger of coming evils."

STAGGER CAUSE FOR SUICIDE.—The Boston (Mass.) Post, says:—"The papers give no cause for the suicide of Mr. Harper, at Orléans, N. Y., except that he was a Justice of the Peace."

SUDDEN DEATH IN A CHURCH.—At the funeral of the Rev. Jesse Anthony, at the North Second Street Methodist Church, in Troy, New York, on Thursday week, after the sermon, the Rev. Samuel Howe pronounced a eulogium on the deceased, concluding as follows:—"I am 78 years of age; my feet are near those of Brother Anthony, and I shall soon join him." Mr. Howe then went into the basement, seated himself in a rocking-chair, and instantly expired.

DEFIANT STOCK.—Selah Galpin, of Westfield, Conn., last year kept 50 hens, which gave him 508 dozen of eggs, and raised 30 chickens. They consumed 34 bushels of corn and five bushels of buckwheat.

GOOD NEWS.—The Thibodeaux (La.) Miners says, that neither the orange, nor any other blossoms were injured by the late frosts.

PROFANE USE OF LIGHT.—The streets of Jacksonville, Illinois, were lighted with gas for the first time on Saturday night the 6th ult.

MANUFACTURE OF SUGAR BOXES.—The Gardiner (Me.) Journal says that the manufacture of sugar boxes is largely carried on in that city this winter, and has enabled all the mills to keep at work at remunerative rates. It is estimated that \$25,000 worth will be made there during the winter.

DEFEATED.—A bill limiting bank notes to \$10 and \$20 has been defeated in the Virginia Senate, for want of a constitutional majority.

SECTARIAN BITTERNESS.—It is said that religious animosity rages in some parts of Ireland with the most unparallelled intensity. At Castletown, Co. Limerick, Protestant soldiers go armed to their respective places of worship.

THE Westminster Review says the direct worth of India to Englishmen of all classes is not less than £10,000,000. This is a magnificent subsidy for one country to pay another.

THE joint committee on the President's Kansas message, in the Texas Legislature, has reported favorably on a bill appointing delegates to a Southern Convention, in case one is called.

RAILROAD DECISION.—The Supreme Court of New York, in the Second District, have decided that the rolling stock of a railroad is a fixture of the same, and not personal property; and that consequently a mortgage on rolling stock does not require to be held in the case of a chattel mortgage, in order to protect the property against judgment creditors.

A BOGUS LOTTERY.—The citizens of New Orleans last week found that they had been swindled out of about \$30,000 by a man who got up a tempting lottery, and after disposing of the tickets, left for parts unknown before the drawing.

In a letter addressed to Col. Johnston, in the present month, Gen. Scott says that it is no longer probable that he will go to the Pacific coast, or that any expedition against or towards Utah will be despatched from that side.

JOHN COCHRANE, of New York, and others, during the past week have presented in the House of Representatives an unusually large number of petitions for a homestead law. The memorial for the passage of a bankrupt law are also multiple.

IDOLATRY IN CHINA.—Some years ago, a picture of the Emperor Napoleon was found in a Chinese hut, and the people were worshipping it as a god! A missionary at Hong Kong used to conduct worship with the children of his school in a room where there was a clock standing on the chimney-piece. One of the boys for a while thought that this clock was the missionary's god, and that the prayers he daily offered were addressed to it!

THE late Dr. Proul, rector of Trinity Church, at Utica, N. Y., shortly before his death, caused all his manuscript sermons, 1,700 in number, to be placed in a heap before him, and a match applied to them. A very commendable act probably.

The custom-house at Sandusky, Ohio, cost \$74,571.65. The revenue collected there last year was \$567.84, and principally on importation of railroad iron, which may not happen again. There are said to be many such examples scattered all over the United States.

CRAWFORD'S Equestrian Statue of Washington was inaugurated in Richmond, Virginia, on the 22nd, with great ceremonies. Senator Hunter delivered the address, and 15,000 persons are said to have been present. The military display was very fine.

THE Washington correspondents telegraph that Minnesota will probably soon be admitted into the Union. The whole delegation now in Washington is said to be in favor of the Lecompton Constitution, and will vote with the Administration.

It is said that the Prussian Government is about to send a frigate to the China seas. The Austrian Government despatched a frigate which has probably arrived at Canton by this time.

SAD CASE OF POSTPONED MARRIAGE.—A young lady in Danbury, Connecticut, is desirous of getting married. She has obtained all the necessary articles—the man, bridal attire, gowns, "chicken fixings," &c., but an alarming obstacle has presented itself. There is no church in that place with a steeple broad enough to admit her ermine—and so she is obliged to postpone the "happy day" until the completion of a new sanctuary, which is in progress of erection.

The jury in the case of *Ela vs. Ex-Mayor Smith*, General Edmunds, and others, of Boston, who claimed damages for injuries received at the rendition of the fugitive slave Burns, have rendered a verdict in favor of the defendants.

THE Massachusetts Legislature has adopted an amendment to the Constitution, providing that a foreigner shall reside in the State two years after naturalization before he can be made a voter.

A YOUNG lady, seventeen years of age, named Louise Ann Walker, residing in the town of Nassau, Rensselaer county, New York, recently fell dead in her mother's arms. A month before she was in the full bloom of youth, health, and beauty.

THE CLAY AND CULLUM DIFFICULTY SETTLED.—The challenge having been withdrawn and the seconds retired, the matter was left to the Hon. J. J. Crittenden and the Hon. Robert Toombs, who selected as third party, Hon. A. Kennedy. The three then considered the circumstances attending the difficulty, and concluded that Mr. Cullum acted unapologetically. Mr. Clay, as Mr. (Cullum) should under misapprehensions and was wrong when he struck Mr. Clay.

COMPETITION has cheapened very considerably the cost of fare to California. The old mail line via Panama now charges for the second cabin \$100, instead of \$200, and for the steerage \$50, instead of \$130. This includes the \$25 charged each passenger for the transit of the Isthmus. The public are getting the benefit of the rivalry, but whether the companies will make anything by it is doubtful.

THE Ohio State Senate has passed the bill repealing an Act prohibiting the confinement of fugitive slaves in the jails of Ohio, by a vote of 20 to 14.

REBELLION IN A SCHOOL.—A few days since George Smith, a teacher in a public school at Perryville, Allegany county, Pa., while endeavoring to enforce order in school, was assailed by several of the larger pupils, both male and female, and severely injured. On consultation with the Directors, Mr. Smith went to Pittsburg and made information against five boys and two girls, and warrants were accordingly issued for their apprehension, to answer a charge of assault and battery.

GASTRONOMIC FEAT.—A Canadian paper relates the following, showing how a promissory note was swallowed and the broker "sucked in."—Dr. Charles Sabourin, ex-Mayor of Longueuil, had obtained discount on a note for \$5,300 of a note shaver named Malo, and on the 16th ult., Sabourin called at Malo's office to pay a part and gave a note for the balance. While Malo was counting the interest, Sabourin seized the note from the table and swallowed it. Sabourin is under arrest on a charge of felony.

THE overland emigration to California, in 1857, that passed the Devil's Gate, as kept at the Mormon mail station, was as follows:—Immigrants, 12,500; wagons, 950; cattle, 67,000; horses and mules, (about) 2,500; sheep, 20,000. There were several large detachments taken on speculation; but as a general thing, the emigrants took only what they thought they would need on the plains, and for a good start when they got there.

PROFITABLE READING.—It is stated that seven of Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler's recent Shakespearean readings in New York city, netted the sum of \$6,000.

MRS. MAJOR BLISS.—We notice that Mrs. Bliss, widow of the late Major Bliss, U. S. Army, and daughter of Gen. Taylor, the ex-President, was married on the 11th ult., to Philip P. Danbridge, Esq., of Virginia. The marriage took place at New Orleans.

SUDDEN DEATH OF A MINISTER.—On Sunday morning last the Congregational Chapel, Gorleston, were thrown into some state of alarm by the sudden death of their minister, the Rev. Joseph Pike, who had partly gone through the service. Having given out his text—the last verse 17th Psalm—"As for me I will behold thy face in righteousness," he had not proceeded many minutes when he fell suddenly back in his pulpit senseless. It was about an hour from the time of his being first taken he expired. The deceased died from a paralytic stroke.—*Bury and Norwich Post.*

THE Woonsocket Patriot records a successful surgical operation, consisting in the removal of the entire lip of a gentleman, and forming a substitute from the sides of the cheek in so perfect a manner as to overcome the entire deformity. The lip had been eaten away by caustic nearly down to the point of the chin, for what had been called cancer, and the patient had been a martyr for three years past to the most intense suffering.

AGRICULTURE IN CHINA.

The best way to see the agriculture of a country is to shoot over it. A landlord who shoots over his estate knows the rotation of every field, and his tenant will not be too persistent in his straw crops. With a view to this same sort of minute acquaintance with the agriculture of the Flowery Land, I employed some of my enforced leisure at the north in little expeditions after the China pheasants. I used to take a Soochan boat and go away up the rivers and creeks, some twenty or thirty miles, and anchor off some likely spot for the night. Next morning my servant went to the nearest village, and hired three peasants with long Bamboos, and we went forth scouring the country. The ground round the Bamboo plantations, which are always attached to houses, is cultivated in lands, like allotment grounds in England—a land of Cotton, another of Peas, a third of Indigo, a fourth of White Turnips, and so on. Altogether, the October shooting in China is not quite worth following for itself alone. But for the exercise, and as an excuse for exploring the country, it is greatly to be cultivated.

After investigation, I am convinced that England has nothing to learn from China in the art of agriculture. It is true the Chinese have no summer fallows; but then they have no stiff clays. They have no Couch Grass, no Thistles contending for the full possession of the land, as we see in Wales; no uninvited Poppies, no straggling stalky crops, the poverty-stricken covering of an exhausted soil. At rare intervals we see a large, rich-colored expanse flaunting himself among the Cotton; but, generally speaking, there is not a leaf above the ground which does not appertain to the crop to which the field is appropriated. Rice and Cotton are the staples of the great district of which I am now speaking. These crops often extend in unbroken breadth over tracts of thousands of acres. The Peas, and Wheat, and Indigo, and Turnips, and Brangalls lie in patches round the villages. The ground is not only clean, but the soil is so exquisitely pulverized, that after a week's rain I have sometimes looked about in vain for a clod to throw into a pond to startle the water-fowl.

We may be accustomed to mark the course of agriculture throughout the breadth of our own land—the light loams of our Lincolnshire wolds, the Turnip and Barley lands of Norfolk, the strong flats of Suffolk; then westward to the rich pastures of Leicester, the mixed dairy and arable farms of Derbyshire, across the coalfields to the successive and attenuating Oat crops on the shores of Bala, and down the valley of the Tivy—yet we shall see nothing like the cultivation of this great plain of China.

The art is exercised under different conditions. The Chinese cultivator is not asked for milk, or butter, or cheese, or mutton, or beef. The Chinaman does not object to a little buffalo or goat's milk with his rice, and if some curious accident should have brought buffalo flesh into his basin he will eat it. But he rarely or never buys it. In his recent voyage of discovery up the "Great Junk," or "Great Western River," Commander Elliott and Captain Edgell saw droves of buffalo upon the uplands to the north of Canton, and we know that milk and mutton are common food in Tartary; but I am speaking of those parts of China where agriculture is supposed to reach perfection, not of the mountain pastures. Pork, poultry and vegetables, and the creatures that swim or crawl about his rivers and canals, are the Chinaman's natural diet. Still feeding, therefore, would not pay even so moderately (taking sale of stock only into consideration) as it does with us, and Grass is only seen growing rank on graves—One or two buffalo to turn the irrigating wheel and plough the Paddy fields, two or three goats, a breeding sow, a quantity of those ugly, long-legged fowls so ignorantly called Cochins in England, and a flock of ducks and geese—such is the live stock of a Chinese farm which maintains a hundred laborers.

Stable-yard manure, therefore, is scant. Nor is it much coveted. Human ordure is, in a Chinaman's opinion, the only perfect fertilizer. This is collected with the most oppressive care. In the cities and in the neighborhood of cities, enormous dark open earthenware pans offend the senses at every turn. The privilege of collection is sold for a large price, and the Cantonese have a proverb that a fortune every day passes in that form out of their gates. In the suburbs every cottage has its open earthenware cesspools. In the country every house has its public latrine, ostentatiously placed with its open doorless entrance to the public path. The numbers and suffocative effluvia of these opposition manure-traps are to Englishmen a never-ceasing horror. They constitute his first and his last impression of the country.

These details of the "sordida ruralis" are not pleasant to write; at all times "difficile est propriis communiis dicere," but if the object be to depict or to comprehend China, they must be written and read. This manure is sprinkled over the plant. It is too precious to be worked into the ground. The straw and the burnt hair of the Cotton plant are returned to the soil—that is all. The Chinese transplant every root of Rice by hand, just as we should transplant young trees, and each has its little blessing of liquid manure as it is sown. This homopathic system would not do, I apprehend, with our hungry lands.

The art of agriculture is, I repeat, exercised under different conditions in China to what it is in England. Give an English farmer a thousand acres of vegetable loam of an unexplored depth—a reticulation of water ways, which enables him to flood at pleasure every acre of his soil—an unfailing supply of manual labor at 4d. a day—and cheap communication by tidal creeks with large markets; give him also periodical rains, perfect drainage, and abundance of quickly ripening sunshine, and see what crops of Corn and Pulse and Potatoes he would produce? I say nothing of Tea and Cotton and Mulberry leaves; for our friend would have to scratch his head a little before he could start on a race to overtake these Chinamen, who are 4,000 years of practice ahead of him.

But then, per contra, it must be recollected that this park of Ceres is infested by poachers. These happy fields are overrun by extortionate mandarins, pillaging soldiers, marauders who, in small bands, are called robbers, and in large bands aspire to be nobles and to be led by kings, river pirates who levy blackmail, and occasional swarms of locusts which darken the sun.—The Times Commissioner.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

A short time ago the London Times gave an account of an old lady more than eighty years of age, who had cut her third set of teeth, and her features, it is said, have now the juvenescence of 30 years. Many such facts could be collected. We are therefore bound, perhaps, to give credence to certain good authorities when they assert that such natural changes have occurred in the entire body, that the powers of youth have been restored to persons with whom they have been familiar. "Vesecus de Tarento" (let us by all means cite authorities) relates that there was an abbess in the nunnery at Montevia, who reached the great age of a hundred years, and was then very infirm; but the lost powers of nature unexpectedly came back to her. Black hairs sprouted from her head, and the white hairs were thrown off; all the teeth returned into her mouth; wrinkles were lost from her face; her bosom swelled and she became at last as fresh and lovely as she had been at the age of thirty. Many flocked to see this marvel, and no doubt paid for the privilege; but the abbess did not readily suffer herself to be seen, for she was ashamed (she said) of the recollections that her restored beauty awakened.

It is also asserted that there are means in nature of restoring youth. In Household Words, it is said, that there is a fountain in the Island of Bonica which restores youth to those who drink its waters. Certain of the inferior animals are also acquainted with herbs that restore youth to them; the stag recovers it by eating snakes, and the snakes recover it by eating fennel. Italian ladies used to eat snake meat, in order to retain their freshness and youth. Johnston, in his Chemistry of Common Life, says—"Before a Circassian she is sent to the seraglio at Constantinople, she eats about an ounce of a very choice and peculiar description of manna (the Sinai manna), every day for eight or ten weeks. This has the effect of imparting embonpoint—or rather, of beautifully rounding all the angles of the human frame; and without the least exaggeration the result is a form as beautiful as a living Venus de Medicis. This manna is also much esteemed in Syria as a remedy for affections of the chest." Roast hare is also said to be a great preserver of beauty.

Several well-authenticated instances are likewise recorded of rapid change in the color of the hair. By an inscription on a tombstone at Breslau, it appears that one John Montanus, who was a dean there, recovered the color of his hair three times. It is next to impossible to deny the great age of the patriarchs—of Methuselah, of Cainan, and of Enos. That they passed into age at the ordinary period of life familiar to us, and then continued with the same appearance of age and decrepitude for the remainder of their days, is not probable; far more reasonable is it to suppose that they recovered their youthful powers at certain periods, like a plant that puteth on youth every spring. In our "seventh age" we not infrequently again become "childish." Does it therefore appear incredible or impossible that man may occasionally, after his threescore years and ten, again exhibit the powers and physical qualities of youth?—Septimus Piesse.

SPIDERS.

The worst thing about this poor insect is, that it is so thoroughly ugly. In its nature has sacrificed everything to the formation of the industrial machine necessary for satisfying its wants. Of a circular form, furnished with eight legs and eight vigilant eyes, it astonishes (and disgusts) us by the pre-eminence of an enormous abdomen. Ignoble trait! in which the inattentive and superficial observer will see nothing but a type of gluttony. Alas! it is quite the contrary. This abdomen is its workshop, its magazine, the pocket in which the rope-maker keeps his stock, but as he fills this pocket with nothing but his own substance, he can only increase it at his own expense by means of a rigid sobriety. True type of the artisan. "If I fast to-day," he says, "I shall, perhaps, get something to eat to-morrow; but if my manufacture be stopped, everything is lost, and my stomach will have to fast forever." In character the spider is watchful and cunning; in disposition timid, uneasy, and nervous; being endowed with a more sensitive nature than is possessed by any other insect. These characteristics are the natural result of its miserable condition, which is a state of constant, passive, weary waiting. To be forever watching the ceaseless, joyous, careless dances of the fly, which pays no attention to the greedy desires of its enemy, or the gentle whispers of "Come here, little one, come this way," is to be in a state of constant torment, to be continually undergoing a succession of hopes and mortification. The fatal question, "Shall I get any dinner?" is continually presenting itself to the dweller in the web, followed by the still more sinister reflection, "If I have no dinner to-day, then no more thread, and still less hope of dining to-morrow." The male spider often makes a meal of his progeny; whilst the female loves them so tenderly that if she cannot save them in circumstances of peril, she prefers to perish with them. The love which she bears to her little ones she does not extend to her mate; sometimes, after having in vain attempted to prevent him from devouring their offspring, the idea appears suddenly to present itself to her mind that the cannibal is himself good for food, on which she instantly falls upon him and eats him up.—Michels.

ORIGIN OF "HUMBUG."—This word is said to occur first in Fielding's Amelia, 1751. One writer suggests that it is a corruption of the Latin *Amalgama*; another that it is derived from a man named Hume, who, in olden times in Scotland, succeeded to the Borge or Borge estate, and was known as "Hume o' the Borge," or "Aume o' the Bug," who was so inclined to the marvellous, that when any one made an extraordinary statement, it soon became common to style it "a hum o' the bug," which was soon shortened into humbug.

THE AUTHOR OF UTOPIA.—Sir Thomas More had a whipping-post in his garden at Chelsea, which he called his "tree of truth,"—being his instrument for extracting from persons accused of heresy either confession or renunciation of their opinions. Sir Thomas More, the philosopher of Utopia, the friend of Erasmus, whose life was of blameless beauty, is thus seen as combining a spirit of full persecution with the fairest graces of the human character.

LOST IN THE MIST.

One little hour, oh, round red sun,
And then and I shall come
Unto the golden gate of rest.
The open door of home:
One little hour, oh, weary sun,
Delay the murky eve,
Till these tired feet that pleasant door
Enter, and never leave.

Ye rocks that wing in slender file
Into the thickening gloom,
Ye'll scarce have reached your old gray tower
Ere I have reached my home:
Plover, that thrill'st this lonely moor
With such an eerie cry,
Seek you your nest ere night falls down,
As my heart's nest seek I.

Oh, light, light heart, oh, heavy feet,
Best time a little while;
Keep the warm level light in these eyes,
And on these lips the smile.
Ourspe the mist, the gathering mist,
That follows o'er the moor;
The darker grows the world without,
The brighter shines that door.

Oh, door, so close, yet so far off;
Grim mist that nears and nears;
Coward! to faint in sight of home,
Blindfold—not with tears;
'Tis but the mist, the cruel mist,
That chills this heart of mine.
My eyes that cannot see the light,
Not that it ceased to shine.

A little further—further yet;
How the mist crawls and crawls!
It hems me round, it shuts me in
In its white sepulchral walls:
No earth, no sky, no path, no light:
Silence as of a tomb:
Dear Heaven, it is too soon to die—
And I was going home!

A little further—further yet;
My limbs are young; my heart—
Oh, heart, it is not only life
That is so hard to part:
Poor lips, slow freezing into calm,
Numb hands, that nerveless fall;
And a mile off, warm lips, safe hands,
Waiting to welcome all!

I see the pictures in the room,
The light forms moving round,
The very flicker of the fire
Upon the patterned ground;
Oh that I were the shepherd dog
That guards their happy door;
Or even the silly household cat
That basks upon the floor.

Oh that I lay one minute's space
Where I have lain so long;
Oh that I heard one little word
Sweeter than angel's song.
A pause—and then the table falls,
The mirth brims o'er and o'er;
While I—oh, one to be God's will!
Lie, outside the door.

My body falls, my quickened soul
Fights, desperate, ere it go;
The blank air shrills with voices wild,
But not the voice I know.
Dim shapes come beckoning through the dark;
Ghost-thrills thrill my hair;
Faces, long strange, peer glimmering by,
But one face is not there.

Lost—lost! and such a little way
From that door sheltering door:
Lost, lost! out of the open arms
Left empty evermore:
His will be done. Oh, gate of heaven,
Fairer than earthly door,
Receive me:—Erelasting Arms
Enfold me evermore!

And so, farewell. * * * * *
No mortal hand
This, on my darkening eyes:
My name, though which I thought to hear
Next time in Paradise:
Warm arms—close lips—oh, saved, saved,
Saved!
Across the deathly moor
Sought, found! and yonder through the night
Shineth the blessed door.

THE CURES OF GRAEFENBERG.

Mr. De Forest says, in his recent volume of Sketches, that there are other cures at Graefenberg beside the water cure:

"Whether the Silesians are naturally given to heterodox methods of doctoring, or whether simply the success of Priessnitz had generated imitations, I cannot decide; but one or other of these causes had favored the neighborhood of Graefenberg with a variety of old establishments for the healing of diseases. There was a *Card Cure*, wherein sick people were fed exclusively on curdled milk, and if I was rightly informed, put to soak in it. There was a *Straw Cure*, wherein the patients not only drank intemperately of straw tea, but were horribly tormented by being put naked inside of straw beds, and kept there until they were nearly flayed by the points and edges of this medicinal fodder. And about two miles from Graefenberg, in the valley of the little stream of Freiwaldau, was still another eccentric hospital devoted to a method of treatment called the *Wine Cure*. Here horrible sweatings, of eight hours, in numerous dry blankets, made the nights miserable; while a curious system of diet, arranged on a sliding scale, carried the patients through all the stages of starvation and repletion, commencing with abundant meals, and descending gradually to the circumscribed rations of three small rolls a day; then creeping up the digestive staircase again to aldermanic breakfasts and dinners, and so on, up and down, until the sufferer was either cured, buried, or driven to the desperation of flight. In compensation for this sharp mortification of the flesh, a considerable daily portion of wine was allowed, and on Saturdays double treats. D'Hauterville told me that, happening in there one Saturday afternoon, he found the patients and the doctor all fuddled together. One old acquaintance, too glad to see him to wait till he could reach the door, stuck his fist through a pane of glass to shake hands, after which he hallooed riotously, declaring that he felt better every minute, and denouncing Priessnitz as a quack and cold water as a nuisance. Singular as it may seem, this system often effected cures, and drew over various renegades from Graefenberg."

When at Dronne, M. De Forest spoke of this Wine Cure as a bathman who was "ravished with the idea, and marvelled greatly that so excellent a system had not spread over the province."

BRANCH OF PROMISE.—A young man, a miller by trade, stole a horse, was arrested and imprisoned. As his trial drew near, he acknowledged his crime, remarking that he committed it for the purpose of getting rid of the constant importunities of a woman whom he had promised to marry, but did not love. He preferred imprisonment to matrimonial bonds, thus showing that of two evils he chose the least.

UNLEAVENED BREAD.

The subject of bread-making is one of great importance to every household, as well as in a sanitary as in an economical point of view. Salaratus bread, which has been, and is now, with many, very popular, has fallen under the ban of physiologists, and we believe for good reasons. Salaratus bread is said to be injurious to the teeth, hurtful to the digestive organs, and less nutritive than other forms in which wheat flour can be prepared. We know that families who have used it for years still cling to it, because their tastes are formed; we also know that an article called "dietetic salaratus," purged from its deleterious qualities, is prepared; but still we think it will be well enough to turn to other descriptions of bread for a season, and let salaratus and cream of tartar alone for awhile.

The chief reason why this description of bread has been so popular, however, has been the readiness with which it can be prepared. In a few minutes from the time the flour is mixed, the pan of bread is ready for the oven. This is a great merit in our eyes. We are an uneasy, restless people; are continually striving against time, and whatever things our hands find to do we want to do them with a rush. We are forever driven by our impatience, and we use unleavened bread as the Jews did when they were thrust out of Egypt: "And they baked unleavened bread because they were thrust out of Egypt, and could not tarry."

A substitute, then, for salaratus bread should be received with a high degree of favor. This substitute is found in the mixing of the flour with cold water, cutting the dough into small cakes, and baking immediately. We have eaten cakes so prepared, and can testify that they were light, highly palatable and very desirable. If housewives could be induced to try this style of bread and persevere, even if they should happen to make a mistake in the first batch or two, they could always have at hand materials for healthy, inexpensive bread for every meal, and there would be a great saving of time in every kitchen, an object, as every head of a family will tell you, of no small importance when the breakfast or supper hour is near at hand.

Flour and water, simply, will make a light, delicious bread, which may be placed upon the table in fifteen minutes from the time of mixing. It is perfectly wholesome, and may be eaten hot, even by the most delicate dyspeptics. There is nothing difficult in the process, and it has this advantage over the common breads in use, that it may be made uniform in quality. The good wife never will be disappointed in her bread by finding it heavy or sour. This mode of mixing bread has lately been introduced to the community, and we cannot help thinking it a step of progress. It is undoubtedly a revival of the old art of bread-making in use when the patriarch Abraham entertained the angels by setting before them an impromptu cake.

A correspondent expresses our views when he says:—"It is universally admitted that there is room for great improvement in this department of household economy. Medical men are agreed that many of the preparations which have usually been considered indispensable for the production of light, porous bread, are most injurious to health, acting as they do, upon the coats of the stomach. Those who have given most attention to this subject, say that there is no one thing which has had so powerful an agency in the production of the almost universal derangement of the functions of digestion which prevails."

"There is nothing connected with our mode of living which excites more remark among foreigners, than the villainous nature of the compounds which pass among us under the name of bread. This is true, even of our household bread, and how much more of that which is sold at our bakers' shops, and which, in our large towns and cities forms so important a staple of consumption. The adulteration of the flour, and the use of deleterious foreign substances to cover up and conceal such adulterations, are notorious. There is a very general conviction that the use of alkalies in bread-making is injurious to health. The prejudice against salaratus is especially strong, but the objections which lie against this, lie equally against cream of tartar and other such preparations."

ITALIAN DESPOTISM.—A correspondent in Florence sends us the following illustration of social life in Italy:

"A circumstance happened a few weeks ago at Leghorn, which shows that even in the mild government of Tuscany despotism will sometimes show its iron hoof. A Swiss gentleman and his newly-married wife were on their wedding tour, and reached Leghorn, purposing to visit Florence. The custom-house officers were out of humor, and mercilessly turned over the poor young bride's finery. She unfortunately exclaimed to her husband, '*mais comme c'est bete*.' Unluckily some of the officials considered as an attack on themselves, for which resistance of authority they called in the gendarmes, and committed the pair to separate prisons, where they found themselves each mixed up with the lowest and worst of the Leghorn population. The Swiss Consul and English Consul heard by some means of this unpardonable stretch of the law, and after great exertions and sundry appeals to higher authorities, succeeded in getting an order for their release; but alas! as far as the poor young wife was concerned, seven hours' confinement in this frightful prison, with companions of such a class, had done its work. She was half frantic, and fever in a few days carried her to her grave. I have not heard whether the brutal officials who caused her death received any punishment, but most probably not. The authorities would shrug their shoulders, and say, in the usual Florentine phrase—*pazienza*."—London Inquirer.

AGRICULTURE AND LITERATURE.—Farming is the best employment for a literary man, if he has only been brought up to it in his youth. It interests the mind, without exciting it, and can be made to strengthen the body without wearying it. In Walter Scott's wild, out-of-door exercise, was the stimulus of his genius, and when he quitted Abbotsford for Edinburgh and incessant literature, the golden bowl was broken at the fountain. One of the most vigorous writers of the Quarterly Review used to spend six hours a day at the plough, and then write with a flourish. When our literary men turn farmers, and our farmers become also literary men, our nation will have reached its highest point.

MORNING BY THE SEA.

BY FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

With these two kisses on thine eyes,
I melt thy sleep away, arise—arise!
For, look, my Love, Phœbus his golden hand
Hath laid upon the white mane of the sea;
And springing from the blue deep gloriously,
He glances keen o'er the long, level strand
Now come his horses up all snorting fire,
The lovely morning hours, hymning their choir
Of triumph, circle round the royal sun,
And the great pageant of the day's begun:
Come! let me lock in mine thy hand,
And pace we with swift feet this smooth and sparkling sand.

See how the swollen ridges of the waves
Curl into gold green crystal caves,
Rising and rounding,
Rolling and rebounding,
Breaking and rebounding,
And meeting into curves of creamy spray,
Sweep with their wavy lines the far-extended bay.

The little bark, that by the sheltering shore
Folded her wings and rocked herself to sleep,
Shakes out her plumes to the breeze once more,
And, like a swallow, dips, and skims the deep.

Hail welcome day! hail miracle of light!
Hail wondrous resurrection from the night!
Hail glorious earth! hail ocean fearful-fair!
Hail sweet breezes of fresh vital air!
Hail thou, my love! my life, my air, my light:
Soul of my day! my morning, noon, and night!
—Harper's Weekly.

PROBABLE PRESERVATION FROM SHIPWRECK BY MEANS OF WHALES.

The following is an extract from the Memoirs of Daniel Wheeler, a distinguished member of the Society of Friends:—

"Sixth month 22nd, 1834—Lying-to' as yesterday: the storm still raging with unabated violence: squalls, heavy rains, and lightning through the night. The sea having risen to a fearful height, frequently inundated the deck of the vessel; and from the continual working of the whole frame, our bed-places have been unfit to sleep in, the water having found its way through numerous chinks. This morning early, a heavy sea broke into us, bringing a larger quantity of water upon the deck than at any time before. To myself a very remarkable and striking event took place this morning. Shortly after the vessel had shipped a heavy body of water, I went up the hatchway to look round for a short interval; at that moment the seas were running in mountainous succession, and I observed that some of the loftiest of the waves were very nearly prevailing against our little vessel; it seemed as if she could not much longer escape being overwhelmed by them altogether. I tried to make a remark to any one, but soon after I was to go to some breakfast; while so occupied, one of the men called down to inform us that there was a sight worth looking at on deck: it was a large collection of a species of whale, close by the ship. I thought I should like to see them: there were perhaps more than two hundred of those animals close to us, each about twelve feet long. When I went upon deck after breakfast, they were still close to our bows, and the man at the helm said that they served as a breakwater for us, their being so was afterwards mentioned by some other person. At last my eyes were open to discover the protection they were affording to our little struggling vessel; they occupied a considerable portion of the surface of the sea, in the exact direction between the vessel and the wind and waves, reaching so near to us that some of them might have been struck with a harpoon: they remained constantly swimming in gentle and steady order, as if to maintain the position of a regular phalanx, and I suggested that nothing should be done to frighten them away. It was openly remarked by some, that not one sea had broken aboard us while they occupied their useful post; and when they at last retired, it was perceived that the waves did not rage with the same violence as before they came to our relief."

"I give this wonderful circumstance just as it occurred, and if any should be disposed to view it as a thing of chance, I do not; for I believe it to be one of the great and marvellous works of the Lord God Almighty. These friends in need and friends in deed, filled up a sufficiently wide space upon two of the large shells of the ocean, completely to obstruct the approach of each succeeding wave opposed to the vessel; so that if the third wave from us was coming in lofty foam towards us, by the time it had rolled over and become the second wave, its foaming, threatening aspect was destroyed entirely, reaching us at last in the form of a dead and harmless swell. They are very oily fish, but seldom larger than to yield about two barrels of oil; they are commonly called Black-fish."

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.—Observe the effects of social intercourse. A man shall pursue his ordinary avocations for a length of time in solitude. Gradually his mind becomes listless, dull—his soul-power, lacking use, becomes enfeebled. A bright thought perhaps—a vivid train of reflection accidentally passes through his mind, and he is again aroused—his soul is again manufacturing power, and he lives to some purpose, even though it be but the envious reflection of his own conscious power.

But this brightening ray soon vanishes, and he is again dull; soulless almost as the brute that surrounds him. But let him now approach his fellow human beings. Let him enter into their feelings, thoughts, reflections, reasonings. Let the electricity of his soul intercommunicate with theirs, and mark the effect. He is no longer listless; his soul is expanding, he is giving, at the same time that he is receiving; his benevolence is excited; gloomy misanthropic thoughts fade, and make room for schemes for man's happiness, regeneration, universal good—the millennium on earth."

A MUD BATH.—At Bohelet I made acquaintance with that curious modification of the bath termed the "Moorbath," or peat-mud bath. The mud bath is prepared by adding a certain quantity of a soft black peat to the water, and mixing them well together, so as to form a soft gruelly fluid, and in this singular mess the bather bestows himself: in a word, it constitutes a kind of soft, warm poultice, and, no doubt, must be a very pleasant, and in some instances, a valuable remedy. When the joints are pinched with the aches of rheumatism, the bones and nerves wearied with gnawing pains, and the skin fevered with parching heats, it is not difficult to understand that a mere bath of an agreeable temperature may be one of the greatest luxuries the world can bestow.—Erasmus Wilson.

MONKEYS AFRAID OF GHOSTS.—I am rather afraid that my monkey did not lead a very happy or serene life. H., who commanded the detachment of the 9th, one or two youngsters and myself, were always plotting or contriving something to keep poor Jacko lively. Bind him hand and foot—a feat accomplished only after a desperate struggle—we never could manage to get a single cracker, whole bunches of which were attached to his tail, to explode. No sooner was a wick ignited, than either with his mouth, or by rolling over it, Jacko would extinguish the match, and spoil our fun. There were two remarkable traits about this monkey, which assimilated him more than anything to a hideous caricature on humanity. This was his fear of snakes or unnatural appearances—i. e. ghosts. Every night, so sure as I went to bed, poor Jacko received a tremendous shock to his nerves. He slept like all monkeys, with his face buried in his paws (a practice which the natives attribute to the extreme cunning of the monkey tribe; for, they say, monkeys can speak, but the woe do so, for fear of getting hard task masters in man, and, therefore, they cover their mouths whilst sleeping, lest by accident the should let slip a word). Covering myself with a sheet, I would silently approach till within a foot of the monkey, and then give utterance to a horrid shriek. Up would leap Jacko, and if ever monkey turned pale and trembled from head to foot, Jacko did. His very teeth chattered, and he moaned piteously, until, throwing off the sheet, he recognized me, and then his joy was fully equivalent to his fear.—An English Officer in India.

THE WORD PREPOSTEROUS.—On the trial of Hastings, Burke turned the tables upon an opponent by knowledge of a word, in the following way: He wanted to have a letter of Hastings' read; that he might then go into certain evidence of the animus of the writer. The House decided that he should first prove the intention, and then the letter should be read. "Be it so," said Burke, "but it is perfectly preposterous." The Lord Chancellor called him to order for using such a word. "My lords," said Burke, "the word only means putting one thing before another; it is as though I said your lordship put the cart before the horse." No more was said.

HYDROPHOBIA.—THE CATHARP RECIPE. The following recipe is taken from a register kept in Catharp Church, in Lincolnshire, 24 whole town almost being bitten, near a hundred years ago, and not one person who took this medicine but was completely cured:—"Take the leaves of rue picked from the stalks and bruised, 6 oz.; garlic picked from the stalks and bruised, Venice treacle or mithridate, an scrappings of powder, of each 4 oz.; boil all the over a slow fire in two quarts of ale, till on pint is consumed; keep it in a bottle close stoppered, and give of it nine spoonfuls to the poor warm for seven mornings successively, and sit to a dog, to be given nine days after the bite apply some of the ingredients to the bitten part.—London Field.

STITCH IN THE SIDE.—Take a long breath outwardly, so as to expel all the air from the lungs. The stitch ceases instantly.

COLLOIDION IN ERYSIPELAS.—Dr. Bauman employs colloidal in all cases, and has found it, even in several cases of erysipelas in the face, and in one case of phlegmonous erysipelas of the thigh, highly useful. He first gives an emetic, and then daily applies the colloidal to the parts. The recovery is rapid, and no ill consequences have been observed.

WATERPROOFS.—For hats, boil 8 lbs. of shell-lac, 3 lbs. of frankincense, and 1 lb. borax, in sufficient water. To waterproof cloth for sportsmen, dip it in a solution of acetate of lead, with a little gum and solution of alum (both solutions of the same strength). For modus operandi, see Pharmaceutical Journal, October, 1857.—For shoes, linseed oil 8 oz., boiled ditto 10 oz., suet 8 oz., yellow wax 8 oz.; melt.—London Field.

TO MAKE NEAT'S FOOT OIL.—Take four ox feet with the skin on up to the kneecaps, and keep them eight days tied up in straw in a warm place; then pluck all the hair off, and break the joints and bones; boil them slow in ten imperial pints of water for twelve hours. The oil will then rise to the surface of the water, and can be skimmed off and drained. Let it stand one night, and then put the oil in a little clean boiling water, and skim it off again, when it will be found to be quite clear and free from mixture.

TO MAKE OLD BREAD NEW.—If the loaves are a week old, steep for half a minute in cold water. Then put the loaf into the tin it was first baked in, taking care to take it out of the oven when nicely heated through.

BOILED BREAD.—Two cups of Indian meal; two cups of rye; one of flour; two-thirds cup of molasses; pint and a half of milk; add a little salt; a large teaspoonful of salaratus; pour it into a long tin pail; put it into a pot; have just enough water to keep it boiling; cover tight and not boil into the pail, and keep it boiling three hours, and you will have a loaf of bread without any crust.—NEW HAMPSHIRE HOUSE-KEEPER.

TO MAKE YEAST.—Take twelve common sized potatoes; boil them; mash them up while hot; pour in one pint of boiling water; add one pint of cold water; put it in a colander; get all through you can; then add one teaspoonful of sugar; one tablespoonful of salt; a teaspoonful of yeast, and set it to rise in a warm place.—NEW HAMPSHIRE HOUSE-KEEPER, in Prairie Farmer.

HOW TO IMPROVE THE STREAM OF MILK.—I notice P. McC. inquires how he can make his beifer give a larger stream of milk. I have had cows that milked hard and gave a small stream of milk, and have remedied it as follows: Grasp the teat tightly around before she has been milked, leaving the lower end as full of milk as it will hold, without running out; take a small sharp penknife, and run it into the orifice of the teat, say a quarter of an inch; the try and see if she milks any easier; if not, run the blade in three-eighths or half an inch—your own judgment will tell you how much you should cut. As a general thing, the blood will not run. Should you have occasion to cut out more than one side of the teat, you should turn the knife just half around, and that will give you flat stream. This may answer for your cow at any rate you can try it on one teat.—Counsell Gentleman.

THE PARTING WORD.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I must leave thee, lady sweet!
Months shall waste before we meet;
Winds are fair, and sails are spread,
Anchors leave their ocean bed;
Ere this shining day grows dark,
Ships shall glide my shoreside bark;
Though thy tears, oh, lady mine,
Read thy lover's parting line.

When the first sad sun shall set,
Thou shalt tear thy locks of jet;
When the morning star shall rise,
Thou shalt wake with weeping eyes;
When the second sun goes down,
Thou more tranquil shalt be grown,
Till at last, in sorrow's spite,
Dime thine eyes, and spilt thy hair.

All the first quiet week
Thou shalt wear a smileless cheek;
In the first month's second half
Thou shalt once attempt to laugh;
Then in Pickwick thou shalt dip,
Slightly puckering round the lip,
Till at last, in sorrow's spite,
Dime thine eyes, and spilt thy hair.

While the first seven mornings last,
Round thy chamber bolted fast,
Many a youth shall fume and pout,
"Hang the girl, she's always out!"
While the second week goes round,
Vainly shall they ring and pound;
When the third week shall begin,
"Maudlin, let the creature in."

Now come the flatterings throng
Round thee flock with smile and song,
But thy lips unweave'd as yet,
Lisp, "Oh, how can I forget!"
Men and devils both contrive
Traps for catching girls alive;
Eve was duped, and Helen kiss'd,—
How, oh, how can you resist?

First be careful of your fan,
Trust it not to youth or man;
Love has filled a pirate's sail
Off with its perfumed gale.
Mind your kerchief most of all,
Fingers touch when kerchiefs fall;
Shorter all than mercers' clip
Is the space from hand to lip.

Trust not such as talk in tropes,
Full of pistols, daggers, ropes;
All the hemps that Russia bears
Scarcely would answer lovers' prayers;
Never thread was spun so fine,
Never spider stretch'd the line,
Would not hold the lovers true,
That would really swing for you.

Fiercely some shall storm and swear,
Beating breasts in black despair;
Others murmur with a sigh,
You must melt or they will die;
Painted words on empty lies,
Grubs with wings like butterflies;
Let them die, and welcome too,
Pray what better could they do.

Fare thee well, if years efface
From thy heart love's burning trace,
Keep, oh, keep that hollow'd seat
From the tread of vulgar feet;
If the blue lips of the sea
Wait with lips for me,
Let not thine forget the vow,
Said'st thou often, Love, as now.

"Nothing. Not even the breath of suspicion has touched his good name."

"What is the explanation?"
"Common rumor is singularly at fault in the case," replied Mrs. Denison. "I have heard no reason assigned that to me had any appearance of truth."

"Had he failed in business?" asked Miss Loring.
"No. He was in a good business, and accumulating property. But he sold it out, and converting all that he was worth into money, took it with him, and left only his memory behind."

"Had he trouble with any one?"
"No."

Jessie looked concerned—almost sad.
"I would like to know the reason," she spoke partly to herself.

"I alone am in possession of the reason," said Mrs. Denison, after a silence of more than a minute.

"You!"
Thrown off of her guard, Jessie spoke eagerly and with surprise.

"Yes. He wrote me a letter at the time, stating in the clearest terms the causes which led to so strange a course of conduct."

"Did you approve his reasons?" Miss Loring had regained much of her usual calm exterior.

"I accepted them," was answered. "Under all the circumstances of the case, his course was probably the wisest that could have been taken."

"Are you at liberty to state the reasons?" asked Miss Loring.

Mrs. Denison thought for some time.
"Do you desire to hear them?" she then asked, looking steadily into the face of her visitor.

"I do," was firmly answered.
"Then I will place his letter to me in your hands. But not now. When you leave it will be time enough. You must read it alone."

A sudden gleam shot across the face of Jessie. But it died like a transient meteor.

"I will return home now, Mrs. Denison," she said, with a manner that showed a great deal of suppressed feeling. "You will excuse me, of course."

"Cannot you remain longer? I shall regret your going," said her friend.

"Not in my present state of mind. I can see from your manner that I have an interest in the contents of that letter, and I am impatient to know them."

It was all in vain that Jessie Loring sought to calm her feelings as she returned homeward with the letter of Paul Hendrickson held tightly in her hand. The suspense was too much for her.

On entering the house of her aunt, he went with unusual haste to her own room, and without waiting to lay aside any of her attire, sat down and opened the letter. There was scarcely a sign of life while she read, so motionless did she sit, as if pulsation were stilled.

After reading to the last word she commenced folding up the letter, but her hands that showed a slight tremor in the beginning shook so violently before she was done, that the half closed sheet rattled like a leaf in the wind. Then tears gushed over the letter, falling upon it like rain.

There was no effort on the part of Jessie to repress this wild rush of feeling. Her heart had its own way for a time. In the deep hush that followed, she bowed herself and kneeled reverently, lifting a sad face and tear-filled eyes upwards with her spirit towards Heaven. She did not ask for strength or comfort—she did not even ask for herself anything. Her soul's deep sympathies were all for another, towards whom a long cherished love had suddenly blazed up, revealing the hidden fires. But she prayed that at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances, she might be kept pure.

"Give him," she pleaded, "patient endurance and undying hope. Oh, make his fortitude like the rock, but his humanities yielding and all pervading as the summer air laden with sweetness. Sustain him by the Divine power of truth. Let Thy Word be a staff in his hand when travel-worn, and a sword when the enemy seeks his life. In his own strength he cannot walk in this way; in his own strength he cannot battle with his foes—but in Thy strength he will be strong as a lion, and as invincible as an army."

After rising from her knees, Miss Loring, over whose spirit a deep quietude had fallen, reopened Hendrickson's letter and read it again; and not once only but many times, until every word and sentence were written on her memory.

"The way may be rough, and our feet not well shod for the long journey," she said, almost with a smile on her pure face, "the sky may be sunless and moonless, and thick clouds may hide even the stars—but there are soft green meadows beyond, and glorious sunshine. If I am not to meet him here, I shall be gathered lovingly into his arms there, and God will bless the union!"

When next Mrs. Denison saw this young martyr, there was even a serene aspect in her countenance than before. She was in possession of a secret that gave a new vitality to her existence. Until now, all in regard to Hendrickson had been vague and uncertain. Their few brief but disastrous meetings had only revealed an undying interest; but as to the quality of his love, his sentiments in regard to her, and his principles of life, she knew literally nothing. Now all was made clear; and her soul grew strong within her as she looked forward into the distance.

"I will keep that letter," she said to Mrs. Denison, in so firm a voice that her friend was surprised. "It is more really addressed to me than it is to you; and it was but fair that it should come into my possession. He is one of earth's nobler spirits."

"You say well, Miss Loring. He is one of earth's nobler spirits. I know him. How he would stand the fire, I could not tell. But I had faith in him; and my faith was but a prophecy. He has come out purified. I was not at first satisfied with this last step; but on close reflection, I am inclined to the belief that he was right. I do not think either of you are strong enough yet to meet. You would be drawn together by an attraction that might obscure your higher perceptions, and lead you to break over all impediments. That, with your views, would not be well. There would be a cloud in the sky of your happiness; a spot on your marriage garments; a shadow on your conscience."

"There would—there would!" replied Miss Loring, with sudden feeling. Then as the current grew placid again, she said—

"I can hardly make you comprehend the change which that letter has wrought in me. All the thick clouds that mantled my sky, have lifted themselves from the horizon, showing bright gleams of the far away blue; and sunbeams are streaming down by a hundred rifts. Oh,



A POET-BEAU.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Sir John Suckling was born at Whitton, in the parish of Twickenham, England, and baptized there on the 10th of February, 1602-3. His father was principal Secretary of State and Comptroller of the Household to King James I., and his mother was sister to Lionel Cranfield, the Lord Treasurer of the Middlesex of Clarendon's History. The Sucklings were of Woodton, in the county of Norfolk.

Quitting college, he joined the six thousand men raised by the Marquis of Hamilton for the wars in Germany, and was present at the sieges of Crossen, Guben, Glogau and Magdeburg, returning to England, it is thought, with Hamilton in September, 1632.

His wit and readiness at repartee made him welcome at court, where he was known as the late comptroller's son, and a great gamester. He was now no more in favor, that Garrard communicated his doings in his gossiping letters to the great Lord Strafford.

He became, in 1637, a poet in print, by his well known "Session of the Poets," and in 1638, by his play of "Aglaura." His "Session," so often imitated, was the first poetic session in our language. He has more wit but less scurrility than Rochester; less malevolence than Mulgrave, and a fertility of fancy quite unapproached by his several successors. Ben Jonson is, in Suckling's "Session," described as being there alive; the date of its composition cannot possibly be later than 1637, the year in which Jonson died. The incident on which the poem is founded has escaped detection; the laureate'ship it could not be—nor the office of poet—for both appointments were held by Jonson.

When his "Aglaura" was acted, he bought all the clothes himself, "which," says Aubrey, "were very thick; no tinsel, all the lace pure gold and silver."

This certainty that I am so deeply, purely, faithfully loved, trammelled as I am, and forbidden to marry, fills my soul with happiness inexpressible. We shall be, when the hand of our wise and good Father leads us together, and His smile falls unclouded upon our union, more blessed a thousand fold than if, in the eagerness of natural impulses, we had let our feelings have away."

"If you are both strong enough, you will have the higher blessing," was the only answer made by Mrs. Denison.

From that period a change in Jessie Loring was visible to all eyes. There came into her countenance a warmer hue of health; her bearing was more erect, yet not self-confident; her eyes were brighter, and occasionally the flash of old-time thought was in them. Everywhere she went, she attracted; and all who came into familiar intercourse with her, felt the sweetness of her lovely character. The secret of this change was known to but few, and they kept it sacred. Not even Mrs. Loring, the good-hearted aunt, who loved her with a mother's maternal fondness, was admitted into her confidence, for she felt that mere worldliness would bruise her heart by contact. But the change, though its causes were not seen, was perceived as something to love by Aunt Phoebe, who felt for her niece a daily increasing attachment.

And so the weeks moved on; and so the years came and went. Little change was seen in Jessie Loring; except that the smile which had been restored, gradually grew less, though it did not bear away the heavenly sweetness from her countenance. In all true charities that came within her sphere of action, whether the ministrations were to bodily necessities, or moral needs, she was an angel of mercy; and few met her in life's daily walk, but had occasion to think of her as one living very near the Sources of Divine love.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Ten years had glided away, yet not in all that time, had Jessie Loring received a word of intelligence from Paul Hendrickson. He had passed from sight like a ship when darkness falls upon the ocean—the morning sees her not again, and the billows give no record of the way she went. But still Jessie bore his image in her heart; still her love was undimmed, and her confidence unshaken—and still she felt herself bound by the old shackles, which no human hand could break from her fettered limbs.

One day, about this time, as Mrs. Denison sat reading, a servant came into her room and handing her a card said,

"There is a gentleman waiting in the parlor to see you."

She looked at the card, and started with surprise. It bore the name of PAUL HENDRICKSON.

"My dear friend!" she exclaimed, grasping both of his hands, as she stood facing him a few moments afterwards.

"My best friend!" was the simple response, but in a voice tremulous with feeling.

A little while they stood, gazing curiously, yet with affectionate interest, into each other's face.

"You are not much changed; and nothing for the worse," said Mrs. Denison.

"And you wear the countenance of yesterday," he replied, almost fondly. "How many thousands of times since we parted, have I desired to stand looking into your eyes as I do now! Dear friend! my heart has kept your memory fresh as spring's first offerings."

"Where have you been, in all these years of absence?" Mrs. Denison asked, as they sat down, still holding each other's hands tightly.

"Far away from here, but of that hereafter. You have already guessed the meaning of my return to the old places."

"No."

"What! Have you not heard of Mr. Dexter's decease?"

"Paul! is that so?" Mrs. Denison was instantly excited.

"It is. I had the information from a correspondent in London, who sent me a paper in which was a brief obituary. He died nearly three months ago, of fever contracted in a hospital, where he had gone to visit the captain of one of his vessels, just arrived from the coast of Africa. The notice speaks of him as an American gentleman of wealth and great respectability."

"And the name is Leon Dexter?" said Mrs. Denison.

"Yes. There is no question as to the identity. And now, my good friend, what of Jessie Loring? I pray you keep me not long in suspense."

So wholly absorbed were they, that the ringing of the street door bell had not been heard, nor the movement of the servant along the passage. Ere Mrs. Denison could reply, the parlor door was pushed quietly open, and Miss Loring entered.

"She stands before you!" said Mrs. Denison, starting up and advancing a step or two.

He grasped her hand, but she did not return the ardent pressure, though the touch went thrilling to her heart. But the paleness had left her face.

At this moment Mrs. Denison came forward, and covering their clasped hands with hers, said in a low, but very emphatic voice,

"There is no impediment! God has removed the last obstruction, and your way is plain."

Instantly the whole frame of Miss Loring seemed jarred as by a heavy stroke; and she would have fallen through weakness, if Hendrickson had not thrown an arm around her.

Bearing her to a sofa, he laid her, very tenderly, in a reclining position, with her head resting against Mrs. Denison. But he kept one of her hands tightly within his own; and she made no effort to withdraw it.

"There is no obstruction now, dear friends," resumed Mrs. Denison. "The long agony is over—the sad error corrected. The patience of hope, the fidelity of love, the martyr-spirit that could bear torture, yet not swerve from its integrity, are all to find their exceeding great reward. I did not look for it so soon. Far in advance of the present I saw the long road each had to travel, still stretching its weary length. But suddenly the pilgrimage has ended. The goal is won while yet the sun stands at full meridian—while yet the feet are strong, and the heart brave for endurance or battle. Heroes are ye, and this is my greeting!"

With eyes still closed, Jessie lay very still upon the bosom of this dear friend. But oh, what a revelation of joy was in the sweet, half-formed smile that arched her lips with beauty! Hendrickson stood, still grasping her hand, and looking down into her pure, tranquil face, with such a rapture pervading his soul, that he seemed as if entering upon the felicities of heaven.

"This is even better than my hopes," he said, speaking at length, but in a subdued voice.

Jessie opened her eyes, and now gazed at him calmly, but lovingly. What a manly presence was his! How wonderfully he was changed!—Thought, suffering, endurance, virtue, honor, had all been at work upon his face, cutting away the earthly and the sensual, until only the lines of that imperishable beauty which is of the spirit, remained. Every well remembered feature was there; but the expression of his whole face was new.

A moment or two only did she look at him—but she read a volume in love's history at a glance—then closed her eyes again, and, as she did so, gave back to the hand that still held hers, an answering pressure.

The long, long trial of faith, love and high religious principle was over, and they were now standing at the open door of blessing.

And so the reward came at last, as come it always does, to the true, the faithful, the pure, and the loving—if not in this world, assuredly in the next—and the great error of their lives stood corrected.

But what a lesson for the heart! Oh, is there a more fearful consummation of error in the beginning of higher and lower natures—of delicacy with coarseness—of sensuality with almost spiritual refinement—of dove-like meekness with falcen cruelty—of the lamb with the bear! It makes the very heart bleed to think of the undying anguish that is all around us, springing from this most frightful cause of misery!

In less than a month Paul Hendrickson again departed from B——, but this time not alone, nor with his destination involved in mystery. His second self went with him, and their faces were turned towards a southern island, where the earth was as rich in blossom and verdure as the bride's heart in undying love. Here his home had been for years; and here his name was an honored word among the people—synonymous with manly integrity, Christian virtue, and true benevolence.

After the long, fierce battle, peace had come with its tranquil blessings. After the storm, the sunshine had fallen in glorious beauty. After the night of suffering, morning had broken in joy.

We stand and gaze, with rapt interest, upon the river when it leaps wildly over the cataract, or sweeps foaming through perilous rapids, or rushes through mountain gorges; but turn away from its quiet beauty when it glides pleasantly along through green savannahs. Such is our interest in life. And so we drop the curtain, and close our history here.

THE END.

THE IMAGE OF THE SEA.—The sea, up to that time, had been generally regarded by painters as a liquidly composed level-looking, consistent thing, with a smooth surface, rising to a watermark on ships, in which ships were to be scientifically imbedded and wetted up to watermark, and to remain dry above the same. But Turner found, during his southern coast tour, that the sea was not this; that it was, on the contrary, a very uncalculable and unhorizontal thing, setting its "watermark" sometimes on the highest heavens as well as on sides of ships; very breakable into pieces; half of a wave separable from the other half, and on the instant cartageable miles inland; not in any wise limiting itself to a state of apparent liquidity, but now striking like a steel gauntlet, and now becoming a cloud, and vanishing no eye could tell whither; one moment a flint cave, the next a marble pillar, the next a mere white fleece thickening the thunders. He never forgot these facts; nor afterwards was able to recover the idea of positive distinction between sea and sky, or sea and land. Steel gauntlet, black rock, white cloud, and men and masts gnashed to pieces, and disappearing in a few breaths and splinters among them! a little blood on the rock next, like red sea-weed, sponged away by the next splash of the foam, and the glittering granite and green water all pure again in vacant wrath, so stayed by him, forever, the image of the sea.—*Ruskin's Harbors of England.*

LAGER BEER.—A writer in Hunt's Merchant's Magazine enumerates the following articles with which lager beer is adulterated, which you, dear reader, can brew over a little before you drink:

"Gentian, flag-root, maywort, wormwood, quassia, catechu, beech broom, the common chalk, marble dust, whiting, sugar, molasses, hops, liquorice, caraway seeds, allspice, ginger, pepper, mustard, grains of paradise, salt, cocculus indicus, (poison) opium, tobacco, henbane, hemlock, oil of vitriol, sulphate of copper, copperas, alum, strychnine, snake-wood, angustura bark, and the St. Ignatius bean."

PAINTING OR DEATH.

An artist of talent who went to pursue his studies in Algiers, has recently returned to Paris, bringing from his artistic expedition treasures of curiosity and study; monuments, interiors, types of all races, costumes, animals stuffed, &c. He brings also exact copies made by himself of the original pictures which decorated one of the palaces of the ancient Deys.—The copies indicate very strange originals, but the circumstances under which the originals were executed were stranger still.

About the beginning of the present century, the then reigning Dey of Algiers had all the European captives led guarded into the courtyard. Advancing toward the first captive, he asked brusquely,

"Do you know how to paint?"
"No," was the answer, "I do not."

The Dey made a sign, and the captive was instantly beheaded.

"Do you know how to paint?" he asked of the second.

He, frightened at the fate of the first, hesitated to reply, and in another moment his head rolled on the floor.

"Do you know how to paint?" was still the question asked.

"No—that is—I believe—I think that—"

"Ah! you are not sure!" exclaimed the Dey, and he shared the fate of his comrades.

The fourth captive was an intrepid and audacious Parisian, an old *gamin de Paris*, who had very often stopped at the doors of wine cellars or of restaurants to look at the little daubs illustrative of bottles and full glasses, venison, pies and legs of pork.

"Do I know how to paint?" he exclaimed, when the question was put to him. "I am the best pupil of the illustrious David, the painter of the Emperor. What do you require, oh! sweet and clement Dey?"

"You shall speedily know what I wish," said the Dey, proceeding on.

The example of the Parisian had told the others what they ought to do: they all replied that they knew how to paint. The Dey, enchanted at his success, placed all these painters—there were about thirty—under the orders of the Parisian, and then ordered this battalion of impromptu artists to ornament the walls of one of his palaces with paintings.

"I wish," said he, "that you should paint Mecca, the tomb of the Prophet, my principal naval victories, and everything you like, provided the paintings be worthy of me; if not, I shall cut off your heads."

Colors and brushes were provided; and our painters set about their work. The Parisian was imaginative. The Mussulman religion forbidding the representation of the human figure, his task was already simplified; he painted the sea and naval battles, where ships only were seen, and not a sailor. Bullets and bombs crossed each other in the air, obscured by clouds of flame and smoke; but not an artilleryman was seen behind the pieces. Aiding himself by his memory of a magic lantern, he made the sky of a fair time, in which he painted the sun, moon and stars. Then he painted the great phenomena of nature, storms, torrents, volcanoes in eruption vomiting flame and smoke. The Parisian and his battalion of painters employed the liveliest colors, and though the effect produced was not harmonious, it was dazzling. The Dey was enchanted. Happily, foreign connoisseurs in painting never penetrating into his palace, no criticism was made, and the Parisian passed, in the eyes of the Dey, for one of the greatest painters of France. Not only did he and his associates preserve their heads on their shoulders, but to recompense them the Dey gave them their liberty.

These are the paintings which a true artist has copied. Strange as they are, they are things which denote a singular intelligence on the part of the Parisian. They are moreover an interesting specimen of what the most absolute inexperience, and the most complete ignorance of art, can produce when obliged to struggle against necessity and for the preservation of life.—*Translated for the Boston-Gazette.*

HORTICULTURE IN PALESTINE.—The pomegranate ripens its fruit in September, and is in great request in Palestine. The tree grows there about twenty feet high. In this month families lay by a store of the fruit for winter use. There are said to be three varieties—one very acid, one sweet, and one of medium flavor substituted for vinegar. The others are eaten with sugar and with rose water, and used also in a dried state in cookery. The mulberry tree is cultivated in great quantities in the district of Lebanon, and silk forms a considerable product of that region. The *Sorghum Saccharatum*, which is now occupying much of the attention of agriculturists in this country, has for ages been an important product of Syria, where it is known by the name of *Dumra*; and it is cultivated there for its grain, and not for the cane, nor materially for fodder. In Egypt the stalks and straw are used for the roofs of huts and cabins. A good white flour is made from the grain, and is baked in cakes. Millet and rice are grains that are raised and used in considerable quantities in Palestine; but the latter is not raised in sufficient bulk to supply the native market. Lentils and chick-peas—*cicer arvense*—are consumed in large quantities as vegetables by the natives; lupins, also, are used in the same way. Indigo is indigenous in several parts of Syria, and it is cultivated to some extent; the quality of it being good, and much superior to that grown in Egypt. The valley of the Jordan seems to be the best locality for it. Madder, also, is a valuable plant, but seems not to be cultivated to any great extent. Of oil-producing plants, in addition to the olive, the castor-oil plant and the *sesamum orientale* are the principal ones.—But the medical properties of the former appear to be unknown to the present inhabitants of the country; and it is simply for lamps and general purposes that the oil from it is used.

UNNECESSARY CRITICISM.—If you would be loved as a companion, avoid unnecessary criticism upon those with whom you live. The number of people who have taken out judges' patents for themselves is very large in any society.—Now it would be hard for a man to live with another who was always criticizing his actions, even if it were kindly and just criticism. It would be like living between the glasses of a microscope. But these self-elected judges, like their prototypes, are very apt to have the persons they judge brought before them in the guise of culprits.

Original Novelet.

JESSIE LORING;

OR,

THE HAND BUT NOT THE HEART.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penn.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

As Hendrickson had rightly supposed, Jessie Loring came forth from her seclusion of years. Not all at once, but by gradual intrusions upon the social life around her. At first she went abroad on a mission of charity. Then her friend, Mrs. De Lisle, drew her to her house, and there a new face that interested her awakened a new impulse in her mind. And so the work went on, and ere long she was in part restored to society. But how different from the one who had withdrawn from it years before! Suffering and discipline had left upon her their unmistakable signs. The old beauty of countenance had departed. The elegant style—the bounding grace of manner—the fascinating speech—all were gone. Only those to whom she had been most familiar, recognized in the pale, serene countenance, retiring grace and gentle speech of Jessie Loring, the once brilliant Mrs. Dexter.

And quite as different was the effect she produced upon those who came within the sphere of her chastened thoughts. Before, all admired her; now, all who could draw close enough, found in her speech an inspiration to good deeds. Some were wiser—all were better in right purposes—who met her in familiar intercourse. And the more intimately she was known, the more apparent became the higher beauty into which she had arisen; a celestial beauty that gave angelic lustre at times to her countenance.

To no one did she mention the name of Hendrickson. If she missed him from the circles which had again opened to receive her, none knew that her eyes had ever looked for his presence. No one spoke to her of him, and so she remained for a time in ignorance of his singular disappearance. A caution from Mrs. De Lisle to Mrs. Loring, made that not over cautious individual prudent in this case.

One day she was visiting Mrs. Denison, to whom she had become warmly attached. She did not show her accustomed cheerfulness, and to the inquiries of Mrs. Denison as to whether she was as well as usual, replied, as it seemed to that lady, evasively. At length she said, with a manner that betrayed a deep interest in the subject,

"I heard a strange story yesterday about an old acquaintance whom I have missed—Mr. Hendrickson."

"What have you heard?" was inquired.

"That he left the city in a mysterious manner several months ago, and has not been heard of since."

"It is true," said Mrs. Denison.

"Was there anything wrong in his conduct?" asked Jessie Loring, her usually pale face showing the warmer hues of feeling.

"Nothing. Not even the breath of suspicion has touched his good name."

"What is the explanation?"

"Common rumor is singularly at fault in the case," replied Mrs. Denison. "I have heard no reason assigned that to me had any appearance of truth."

"Had he failed in business?" asked Miss Loring.

"No. He was in a good business, and accumulating property. But he sold it out, and converting all that he was worth into money, took it with him, and left only his memory behind."

"Had he trouble with any one?"

"No."

Jessie looked concerned—almost sad.

"I would like to know the reason," she spoke partly to herself.

"I alone am in possession of the reason," said Mrs. Denison, after a silence of more than a minute.

CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATOR BELL AND THE RIGHT OF INSTRUCTION—MINNESOTA—KANSAS—MR. MATTHEWSON—THE UNION, &c.

SENATE.

On the 23rd, the bill to amend the Act of March 3rd, 1851, limiting the liabilities of ship owners, was taken up and passed.

Mr. Bell, of Tennessee, presented the resolutions of the Legislature of Tennessee, respecting the opposition to the Nebraska Bill, and endorsing the Leecompton Constitution, and intimating that he ought to resign. He referred to the date of the resolutions, 10th of February, four years after the vote was given which the resolutions censured, and said it would be unusual, when the constituents of a member of Congress felt aggrieved at his course, to act promptly. He referred to the fact that the resolutions endorse unconditionally the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, notwithstanding the mischievous results of that repeal, which have become patent and unmistakable, and which, in the language of the President, have "kindled the flames of civil war in Kansas, and produced dangerous sectional parties throughout the confederacy." Mr. Fillmore, who declared that he had been a member of Congress, he would have voted against the Nebraska Bill, received 66,000 votes in Tennessee for President. Mr. Ellinger, who voted against the Nebraska Bill, returned to Congress by an increased vote. He (Mr. Bell) thought that at no time since the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, had there been any settled indication of opinion South, on that question, and believed that if a fair and impartial vote could be taken on the question, the result would be an overwhelming majority pronouncing it the most unfortunate measure Congress ever passed.

Mr. Bell alluded to the various elections in Tennessee since the vote now called in question, showing that the Kansas-Nebraska Bill was but slightly alluded to in the canvases.

Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, replied, showing that in 1854, before the passage of the Nebraska Bill, the Tennessee Legislature passed resolutions approving of that measure, and requesting the members of Congress from Tennessee to support it. The Nebraska Act was also the main issue of the elections of 1855 and 1856. He contended, therefore, that a large majority of the people of Tennessee condemned his colleague's (Mr. Bell) course. He asked Mr. Bell whether he would vote for the admission of Kansas under the Leecompton Constitution, with or without instructions.

Mr. Bell answered that he would not vote, in consequence of instructions, unless fully convinced that the instructions were founded upon a full understanding of the subject, in all its bearings and consequences.

Mr. Johnson proceeded to draw a parallel between his own course and that of Mr. Bell, on the slavery question, placing the latter's position at a disadvantage in the eyes of the South. He hoped there would be no more compromises.

Mr. Bell complained of his colleague's speech as the bitterest, most insulting and personal ever connected by premeditated malice. He was ready to meet the Senator any time, and any others who should back him. (Sensation.)

Mr. Seward, of New York, asked Mr. Bell to give way for a motion to adjourn.

Mr. Bell refused. He was ready now to vindicate his course.

Mr. Foote, of Vermont, pressed him to yield, and thus stop the discussion.

Mr. Bell was willing to yield for an executive session, provided he could have the floor to-morrow.

On the 24th, Mr. Mallory of Florida, presented a bill authorizing the construction of a naval dry dock.

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, asked whether the current report was true, that Senators Stuart, of Michigan, and Broderick, of California, were read out of the Democratic party at the Democratic caucus.

Mr. Allen, of Rhode Island, said he knew nothing about it.

The Kansas Bill, after further debate, was made the special order for Monday next.

Mr. Bell, of Tennessee, resumed his speech from yesterday, saying that Mr. Johnson's attack was entirely uncalled for.

Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, interrupting, disclaimed any intention of impugning Mr. Bell's motives or private character.

Mr. Bell expressed his surprise at such a statement. Was his colleague ignorant of the tenor of his argument and language? The attack was most offensive.

Mr. Bell proceeded to length, vindicating himself of the charge that he had been looking for support to the North, rather than the South, and quoting from a letter written by him in 1840 to Gov. Gilmer of South Carolina, to sustain the argument. He again denied that the Nebraska Bill was the subject of controversy in Tennessee in 1855. He explained his vote on the right of reception of Abolition petitions, and showed that he took the same ground as Buchanan, who said in the Senate that the North had as good a right to interfere with slavery, as the latter had to resist the right of the petition. He reiterated his position of yesterday, advising against his colleague's (Mr. Johnson) course of action, with much severity. With regard to Mr. Johnson's supposed case of an honorable gentleman playing a bold game for the Presidency, by voting both for the South and North, voting with the former, but telling the latter he was with them, and voted only because he was so instructed, Mr. Bell replied that if he knew a man who could be guilty of such trickery and fraud, that man was his colleague. He also characterized him as an incendiary, ready to carry the torch of division into Tennessee, if thwarted in his political purposes. He concluded by adding that he could entertain no further respect for his colleague, unless he should withdraw the offensive portions of yesterday's speech.

Mr. Johnson replied, that his colleague had not controverted a single fact, or answered one argument presented by him yesterday. His speech to-day was conclusive evidence that the arguments were unanswerable, with regard to the withdrawal of personal remarks, he had disclaimed, this morning, any intention of being offensive. He had no other apology or retraction to make.

The Senate then went into executive session.

On the 22nd, Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, presented a letter from Mr. Shields, and moved that he take his seat as a Senator from Minnesota. The letter argues that Minnesota is now a sovereign State, and one of the members of the United States, referring to several precedents in support of his position.

A discussion ensued as to whether this was a privileged question.

Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, thought it was a privileged question, but contended that Minnesota had not so far complied with the terms of admission as to entitle her Senators to be seated without some action by Congress.

Mr. Crittenden sent up the credentials of Mr. Shields. He argued that Mr. Shields's right of privilege, contended that Mr. Shields's right to a seat was as good as his own, and urged the importance of immediate action.

Mr. Johnson, of Arkansas, moved to table the question. Lost—yeas 26, nays 22.

Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, said the whole question to be considered was: "Is Minnesota a State?" He submitted a resolution referring the question to the Judiciary Committee, with instructions to inquire whether Minnesota was a State of the Union under the Constitution.

The Army Bill was then taken up for consideration, the question pending being Mr. Johnson's (Tennessee) substitute for the employment of 4,000 volunteers. This was amended by reducing the number to 3,000. After much debate the substitute, as amended, was rejected—yeas 23, nays 26.

Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, proposed a substitute for the original bill to increase the regular army by one regiment of dragoons and two regiments of infantry.

Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, moved to amend Mr. Hunter's substitute, by authorizing the President

to accept the services of volunteers, not exceeding three thousand, to serve as cavalry or infantry for two years, unless sooner discharged.

This amendment was adopted—yeas 27, nays 25.

The bill in this form was reported to the Senate, but on the vote being taken was rejected—yeas 16, nays 30, as follows:

YEAS—Messrs. Bell, Biggs, Broderick, Cameron, Crittenden, Douglas, Green, Gwin, Houston, Johnson of Tennessee, Mallory, Pugh, Seward, Stuart, Thompson of Ky., and Toombs.

NAYS—Messrs. Allen, Bayard, Benjamin, Bigler, Brown, Buchanan, Clark, Davis, Hamilton, Drake, Evans, Fremont, Fitch, Foot, Foster, Hale, Hamilton, Hammond, Harlan, Hunter, Iveson, Johnson of Ark., King, Mason, Polk, Sebastian, Simmons, Sill, Sumner, Thomson of N. J., Trumbull, Wilson, Wright and Yates.

The absentees were Messrs. Bates, Bright, Collamer, Davis, Fitzpatrick, Jones, Kennedy, Pearce, Reed, Wade, and Henderson.

An amicable personal explanation took place between Messrs. Bell and Johnson of Tenn.

Mr. Bell remarked that he did not say that he would disregard the instructions of the Tennessee Legislature, but that he would not obey them. Nor did he say that he would vote for the admission of Kansas under the Leecompton Constitution. He was inclined to go against it, but would await new developments.

Mr. Seward, of New York, begged leave to interpose, saying that he had paid particular attention to Mr. Bell's speech, and when Mr. Johnson replied, saw that the latter had misapprehended him when he spoke as if Mr. Bell had pledged himself to vote for the admission of Kansas under the Leecompton Constitution. Adjourning until Monday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 23rd, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the Indian Appropriations. Mr. Burroughs, of New York, vindicated the North from the charge of sectionalism preferred by Southern gentlemen, referring to statistical facts showing the immense preponderance of the expenditures of the government in behalf of the South over the North, and contrasting the policy of the North over the South, in industry, wealth, population, education, &c.

He proceeded to denounce both Pierce and Buchanan for their course on the Kansas question.

Mr. Smith, of Virginia, then called the gentleman to order. It was disgraceful for gentlemen to denounce, on this floor, a co-ordinate branch of the Government.

Cries of no, no!

Mr. Burroughs would be happy to say in his heart he honored Mr. Buchanan, but he must be allowed to speak his candid opinion.

He was proceeding, when Mr. Smith again interrupted.

Much confusion ensued, during which Mr. Burroughs' hour closed.

Mr. Curry, of Alabama, contended that the Leecompton Constitution was adopted under all the forms of law, by conservative, law-abiding men, and opposed by fanatics and rebels. The action of the Convention was a direct violation of the organic act, a direct violation of the law.

He was about to say that the Legislature of Kansas can interfere with it. The Constitution is valid without its submission to the people. Some of his friends speak of compromise, like his colleague. For Congress to order the submission of the constitution to the people, would be a violation of the organic act, a direct violation of the law.

Mr. Seward, of New York, asked Mr. Bell to give way for a motion to adjourn.

Mr. Bell refused. He was ready now to vindicate his course.

Mr. Foote, of Vermont, pressed him to yield, and thus stop the discussion.

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The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Indian Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Crawford, of Ga., referred to the Kansas question, and explained the reasons why the people of the North were so much interested in the whole of the present troubles surrounding the Kansas question, originated, not from anything wrong in the Leecompton Constitution, but from a predetermined intention of the anti-slavery men of the North to defeat the objects of the Compromise of 1850. His attributes would be the Republic, and the doctrine of self-government, as provided in the Kansas-Nebraska Act.

Mr. Goodwin, of N. Y., strongly condemned the efforts to force upon the people of Kansas the institutions they abhor, and place slavery there. He stated that he had been in the doing, were engaged in a work of fraud, violence and usurpation, and confirming the predictions of the opposers of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, that the design of that bill was to plant slavery in that Territory.

Mr. Milson, of Va., said that he voted against the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, and he could look back for the last four years, feeling no responsibility for the disturbances of the country. The transfer of the slavery question to the people of the Territory produced these convulsions. The government of the Territory was the mere creature of Congress. It had no self-existent, independent power. He was opposed to a quarter sovereignty. The declaration of the Supreme Court of the unconstitutionality of the Missouri Compromise secured the right to hold slaves in the Territory, but the Kansas-Nebraska Act threw embarrasment around that question—That bill, as a new compromise, was worse than the Missouri Compromise.

Mr. Chaffee, of Mass., defended the Topeka Constitution, combating the President's assertion that the action of its framers was treasonable, and contending that the Constitution was provisional, and the best for the people of the Territory.

The debate was continued by Messrs. Fenton, of N. Y., Davis, of Miss., and others. Adjourning.

On the 25th, Mr. Quitman, of Mississippi, reported to the Committee on Military Affairs, a bill authorizing the organization of a regiment of mounted volunteers, for the defence of the frontiers of Texas. Also, authorizing the President to call on, as emergencies may require, four additional regiments of volunteers. He thought the bill more in accordance with public sentiment than any yet presented. Consideration postponed till next Wednesday.

The Mattoon expulsion resolution was then called up.

Mr. Harris, of Illinois, expressed his firm belief that the House had the power, and it was its duty to pass the resolution, and do so at once. All the facts were in form, and the dispositions all the members were probably familiar with.

Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, said that on a former occasion he had moved, as an act of justice, the postponement of the case, having been informed that Mrs. Mattoon was sick. Since then he had learned that the statement was fabricated. Some accounts say that she is sick, and others that she was enjoying better health than ever. He read a letter from the family physician, saying that Mrs. Mattoon had scarcely seen a well day for six months past, and during the few last weeks she has suffered more than usual.

The discussion was continued by Messrs. Seward, Stanton, Smith, Harris, &c.—the principal question involved being the power of the House to expel for an offence for which the offender had already been expelled.

Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, would expel Mr. Mattoon, not only for perjury, but for the purification of the House. He would expel him as long as he (Mr. Keitt) should be a member of the House, if Mr. Mattoon's constituents should continue to re-elect him. He considered him morally disqualified for a member of the House.

Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, said that the letter on which the charges against Mr. Mattoon were based was known to his constituents at the time of his election to Congress. The gentleman from Illinois (Mr. Harris) had said he would not sit here with rogues and villains, and during Mr. Grow, the people of the Congressional districts choose our associates. If the members had this right, if they can say who shall sit here, they could exercise the power of tyrants. Suppose that a convicted murderer should be sent here, could the majority drive him out? He protested against such a resolution.

Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, moved to lay the resolution on the table. Rejected—yeas 61, nays 122.

A motion to refer the resolution to a select committee was then carried—yeas 93, nays 57. Adjourning.

On the 26th, the further consideration of Mr. Hoar's resolution for a select committee of inquiry, whether the Executive influence was exerted to control the votes of members, was postponed till the ensuing Thursday.

Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, gave notice of the introduction of a bill, permitting the Government to sue by creditors in the courts of the United States.

Mr. Potter, of Wisconsin, rose to a question of privilege, and read an article from the Norfolk Argus, describing a ridiculous scene, in which he and several others were actors. He denounced the writer as guilty of a deliberate falsehood, and not a particle of truth in the statement.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Indian Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Smith, of Tennessee, said there was a spirit of revolution abroad, which unless checked, would eventuate in disaster. For this spirit of revolution, the representatives of a portion of the people are responsible, they having started it on this floor. He was opposed to disunion. He hoped it would never happen, but he believed that if the idea shall go abroad that the disruption of this Confederacy was impossible, it would only lead to increased efforts to effect it on the part of those who were determined to destroy it. He had no authority for saying that the rejection of Kansas, because of its slavery constitution, would occasion a dissolution. He would tell gentlemen that if disunion should ever come, the States, and not Congress, would bring it about. If that time should ever come, he would fight for it, and he would be the last man to leave his post. He then proceeded to argue that Kansas should be admitted into the Union under the Leecompton Constitution. He said respectable Free State men took no part in the scenes of violence that occurred there.

In reply to a question, Mr. Smith answered—Admission of Kansas would be the last man to leave his post. He then proceeded to argue that Kansas should be admitted into the Union under the Leecompton Constitution. He said respectable Free State men took no part in the scenes of violence that occurred there.

Mr. Giddings, of Ohio—Will you vote for the resolution requiring the President to withdraw the troops, in case Kansas is admitted.

Mr. Smith answered—Yes.

Mr. Crawford, of Georgia, said he would have so voted a year ago.

Other Democratic members responded to the same effect.

Mr. Giddings immediately gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill directing the withdrawal of the army in Kansas.

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Mr. Smith, of Tennessee, said there was a spirit of revolution abroad, which unless checked, would eventuate in disaster. For this spirit of revolution, the representatives of a portion of the people are responsible, they having started it on this floor. He was opposed to disunion. He hoped it would never happen, but he believed that if the idea shall go abroad that the disruption of this Confederacy was impossible, it would only lead to increased efforts to effect it on the part of those who were determined to destroy it. He had no authority for saying that the rejection of Kansas, because of its slavery constitution, would occasion a dissolution. He would tell gentlemen that if disunion should ever come, the States, and not Congress, would bring it about. If that time should ever come, he would fight for it, and he would be the last man to leave his post. He then proceeded to argue that Kansas should be admitted into the Union under the Leecompton Constitution. He said respectable Free State men took no part in the scenes of violence that occurred there.

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A MINISTER AND HIS WIFE ARRESTED.

For alleged Highway Robbery.

The Rev. Samuel Smith, master of the College School at Clifton, and formerly second master of Bishop's College, England, and his wife, have been arrested on charges of highway robbery and attempted murder. It appears that the wife of Mr. Smith was a Miss Mills, and about nine years ago, before her marriage, numbered among her suitors a Mr. Leach, contractor. The match was broken off, and Mr. Leach married another lady, who died some time since. Mr. Smith, having ascertained that Mr. Leach had become a widower, addressed a letter to him, in which he stated that her husband had recently died, and invited him to renew the intimacy which formerly existed between them.

After several letters had passed, Mr. Leach agreed to meet the lady at Bristol (Eng.) on Sunday, 31st January. They met at the Bristol station, and took tickets for York, where they alighted, and Mr. Smith proposed to cross the common to her residence, instead of taking the high road. The station-master advised against this, on account of the darkness of the night, but finding no instant objection, they proceeded to cross the common to the point from which the high road crosses the common. In a short time the lady professed to have lost the way, and in a few minutes after Mr. Leach was assaulted by a man.

Being a strong man, he, however, got the better of his assailant, and his cries for aid were heard by two of the railway men, who came up. The assailant was found by the Rev. Mr. Smith, the husband of the lady, but he managed to make his escape. The detective force proceeded to the house of Mr. Smith, and arrested the parties. On their track were found a waxed cap and a six-barrel revolver, loaded and capped, near the spot where the struggle took place.

In searching the house, a parcel containing a shirt, collar, satin scarf and pocket-handkerchief, all marked with Mr. Leach's name, was found.—English Paper.

A PERSEVERING WOMAN—WALKING FOUR HUNDRED MILES FOR A HUSBAND.—Near Norwich, England, a woman, who was married to a family of well-to-do farmers, between whom there existed as bitter a feud as ever raged between the Montagues and Capulets. The heads of the families consumed the bulk of their time in annoying each other, and the children, on both sides, with two exceptions, inherited their parents' hatred, and lost no opportunity of gratifying it.

These exceptions were the oldest son of the one, and the second daughter of the other, who, seeing no reason why they should hate each other in imitation of their parents, became deeply enamored. The parents soon discovered their mistake, and tried to separate them, but John and Mary were both severely reprimanded, and charged particularly to think no more of each other. But who ever heard of such a charge being obeyed? The more they were told not to, the more they did. Seeing that easy means would not answer, the parents took John to an uncle, and Mary to a friend, and progenitors looked her up for a week, to keep her from following him. After his departure the poor girl had a serious time of it. Her parents cuffed her to cure her of despondency, her brothers and sisters added to her unhappiness, and she was confined to her room, until her home became insupportable.

One night in November last, the whole family joined in reviling and abusing her. Not a word did she say in reply, but her ashy face and bloodless lips showed that something was brewing. As soon as the family had retired, she put on her night dress, and stole away from her room, noiselessly unlocked the door, and walked out into the darkness. Half crazed, she had thought of nothing but escape, and had not provided herself with any necessities for the long journey she had undertaken. She knew where John was, and she determined to reach him. By daylight she had achieved ten miles. At a farmhouse she procured breakfast, and making inquiries, set out again. Day after day she traveled, eating and sleeping at farm-houses. Occasionally a charitable waggoner would carry her a few miles, and then again for days she was obliged to walk.

One day, completely worn out, she arrived at her destination. She found John, told him her troubles and trials, and put herself under his protection. John, like a sensible man, posted to Buryport, got out the papers, and married her offhand. To end the story as fictitious ones are always concluded, they should have gone back, and the happy couple should have been the parents of their parents. But neither of them were romantic. They felt that they had done nothing to be forgiven for, and had no particular desire to see the faces of those who had abused them. So instead of going East, they went West, and are by this time settled in Wisconsin.—New Haven Palladium.

THE MARRIAGE TREATY OF THE LATE PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND.—A copy of the treaty between her Majesty and the King of Prussia respecting the marriage of her Royal Highness the late Princess Royal with the Royal

NEW ITEMS.

Twelve bodies have been found from the wreck of the ship, which was wrecked on Montauk Point, Long Island. The captain's desk, containing papers, and a large chest, with the log, a couple of coats, pants, and other articles of clothing, were also taken up from the wreck.

Some men who were engaged in cutting ice, one of the cracks attached to Buffalo, on the 21st ultimo, actually saved the body of a man, and the presence of the body was not known until the parts were seen in the blocks some after they had been loaded upon a sleigh to be drawn to the ice-house.

An interesting event recently occurred in Edinburgh, namely, the entertainment of the women of the city to supper by Miss Catherine Sinclair. About 300 "weather-beaten but most respectable looking" cabmen sat down in the great hall to supper at half-past ten o'clock. The hall was handsomely decorated, and the supper, which was plentiful and substantial, was served by ten waiters.

Several women were seated by professionals, and the assembly was addressed by several gentlemen on practical topics, to the evident gratification of the assembly.

The Red Republicans in New York on Wednesday evening celebrated in grand style the anniversary of the French Revolution of 1789, 1830.

The recent attempt on the life of Louis Napoleon found much sympathy among most of the speakers.

At the marriage notice in the Portsmouth Chronicle:—

Sealed in Gilem, by Solomon Mack, elder of the latter Day Saints, Mr. Josiah Grimes, G. to Mrs. Maria Madison, of Keene.

Upon the authority of the last census, it is said, that out of seven hundred thousand (700,000) Jews residing in the United States, only one was registered as a farmer.

Chief Justice Nelson, of the Superior Court of Massachusetts, has become insane, and is removed to the McLean Asylum.

The Massachusetts Senate has refused, by a vote of 23 to 7, to amend the resolution in relation to the qualification of voters, by substituting nine for ten years' residence of foreigners, and also to amend an amendment to substitute five, by a vote of 26 to 9.

Rachel has bequeathed to Napoleon III. her useful marble bust of the First Consul, and Town bust to Prince Napoleon, who, it is stated in private circles, has legally recognized one of her sons.

Rev. Mr. Kallach lectured at Bangor, Me., the evening of the 18th ultimo, and was subjected to indignities. Some rowdy turned out, and then somebody else threw some stones upon the platform. The darkness frustrated the aim of the egg-throwers, and another gentleman was hit instead of "Kallach."

He left to remove the disability of witnesses account of their religious belief, has been stated in the Senate of Pennsylvania. Yeas 15.

THE SOLAR PARALLAX.—Professor Gould, of Cambridge, has obtained the sun's equatorial horizontal parallax, showing that it is 94,160,000 statute miles distant from the Earth, instead of 95,000,000, the usual computation.

MY MOVEMENTS.—A force of three hundred recruits has been sent from Governor's aid, under charge of Major Eleuthus Backus, Infantry, to Jefferson Barracks, Mo., to fill deficiencies in the 7th Infantry, now stationed at Fort Monroe.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—A Frenchman, M. Colongues, announces that from numerous experiments, he has discovered that immediately after death a mourning sound is heard in the ear, lasting five, ten, and even fifteen hours. It diminishes gradually, and ceases first in the heart of the body which is furthest from the heart. In an amputated member the same sound is heard for several minutes. The non-existence of this sound may be considered as a reliable sign of the total cessation of life. M. Colongues calls this branch of auscultation dynamoscopia.

The St. Louis Intelligencer, which first published the report of the negro insurrection in Arkansas, as a rumor, now contradicts it on reliable authority. It originated in the mistake of one lady.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Pittsburgh has distributed 23,000 pounds of coal to the poor, without any reference to sect, class, or nation. It supplied, in one day, forty families with fuel to keep them comfortable a month. Nearly 5,000 people have been kept comfortable during the winter through the efforts of this society. This is practical Christianity.

The Democratic delegate to Congress of Chester County, Pa., (Hickman's district) passed a series of resolutions endorsing the national Administration without reserve, by a vote of fifty yeas to twenty nays.

The St. Louis Republican notes a heavy opposition in provisions in that city on Tuesday. The seller was a money value to over \$100,000. The seller was a gentleman of Peoria, and delivered most of the stuff in that place at advanced quotations. This transaction includes, in round figures 2,500 barrels of meat pork, 1,000 tons of lard, and over 50,000 pieces of cut meats. The meat pork sold at \$15.50 and the lard at \$4c.

A MASS Convention of the Democrats of Indiana, opposed to the Lecompton Constitution, was held at Indianapolis, on the 23rd. Col. W. M. McCarty presided. Addresses were made by Judge John W. Knapp, H. B. Payne, of Ohio; Judge Wick, Gen. J. B. Patterson, of Ohio; Congressional Delegate in the State was represented. A letter was read from Governor Wise, in response to an invitation to be present, stating that special official duties prevented his presence. The Convention recommended a General Convention of the North and West to assemble at Chicago, or some other suitable place. The resolutions were strongly worded.

SEVERAL counties in Pennsylvania have refused to pay the interest on bonds issued to railroad companies. The question of the legal liability for the payment of the same will be soon settled by the Supreme Court of Philadelphia.—The suit of Ellinger vs. the County of Allegheny will shortly be argued.

IOWA LEGISLATURE.—Fourteen members of the Iowa House of Representatives are natives of New York, nine are from Pennsylvania, and seventeen from Ohio.

GRAIN AT CHICAGO.—It is stated that there are about one million bushels of wheat in store, and about sixty thousand barrels of flour at Chicago. Wheat is selling at 53.55 cents. It is the general opinion that two millions bushels of grain will be ready there for transportation upon the opening of navigation.

The Harrisburg (Pa.) Telegraph says that, Esquire Backus, of Shireburn, Huntingdon county, recently fined James A. Doyle \$5 for sitting on his seat during the time of prayer in the M. E. Church.

The central territory, so long in contest for jurisdiction between Florida and Alabama, comprising a narrow strip of fractional township running along the northern boundary line of Florida to the Chattahoochee river, has at length been decided in favor of and annexed to Alabama. Florida has heretofore claimed and exercised jurisdiction over the disputed territory. The hands thus acquired now form part of the established district.

SCHOOLS IN MAINE.—In the State of Maine, there are 1,192 school districts, 250,764 children between the ages of 5 and 21, and an average of \$63,000 expended for school purposes.

Perhaps the great triumph of all moral writings, including sermons, is, that at least they have produced some sweet and innocent sleep to those who heard them.—Anon.

Oh, when dances are satiric, take it for a good sign, Flashed by rosy and rosy to hate, Be this my fortune and my fate.—Swift.

I shall always reverence a gray-headed truth: yet prefer reason, a daughter of eternity, before antiquity, which is the offspring of time.—Culverwell.

A country editor thinks that Columbus is not entitled to much credit for discovering America, as the country is so large he could not well have missed it.

Do you suppose that the grown up child does not want amusement, when you see how greedy children are of it? Do not imagine we grow out of that; we disguise ourselves by various solemnities, but we have none of us lost the child nature yet.

Life wastes itself while we are preparing to live. We postpone our lives.—Emerson.

If it were for some singular people who persist in thinking for themselves, in acting for themselves, and in being comfortable, we should all collapse into a hideous conformity.

My life is for itself, and not for a spectacle. I much prefer that it should be of a lower strain, so it be genuine and equal, than it should be glittering and unsteady.—Emerson.

To be great is to be misunderstood.

Among the numerous casualties recently detailed, the following is very melancholy:— "The young man who recently went on a bridal tour with an angel in book muslin, has returned with a ternaigant in hoops."

A gentleman observed of an indifferent pleader at the bar that he was the most affecting orator he ever heard; for he never attempted to speak but he excited general pity.

To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your own private heart is true for all men, that is genius.—Emerson.

"The defects of a preacher are soon spied," says Martin Luther in his Table Talk. "Let a preacher be endowed with ten virtues, and have but one fault, that one fault will eclipse and darken all his virtues and gifts, so evil is the world in these times. Dr. Justus Jones hath all the good qualities that a man may have; yet by reason that he only often hummed and spitteth, therefore the people cannot bear with that good and honest man."

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BOND BROKER, No. 33 Wall Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stock and Bonds, Saturday last. The market closing steady.

U. S. 5% 1867	72	Far & Me	504
U. S. 5% 1868	72	Commercial	49
U. S. 5% 1869	72	Merch	59
U. S. 5% 1870	72	Mechanics	201
U. S. 5% 1871	72	South Fork	26
U. S. 5% 1872	72	Powhatan	341
U. S. 5% 1873	72	Kennington	70
U. S. 5% 1874	72	Western	104
U. S. 5% 1875	72	W. & M. Meach	60
U. S. 5% 1876	72	Tradestman's	60
U. S. 5% 1877	72	Highland	43
U. S. 5% 1878	72	Consolidation	22
U. S. 5% 1879	72	Commonwealth	18
U. S. 5% 1880	72	Corn Exchange	50
U. S. 5% 1881	72	Pittsburg	50
U. S. 5% 1882	72	E. & W. Pitts	50
U. S. 5% 1883	72	Richmond	115
U. S. 5% 1884	72	Northern, Ky	115
U. S. 5% 1885	72	Louisville, Ky	110
U. S. 5% 1886	72	Union, N. C.	98
U. S. 5% 1887	72	Union, N. C.	98
U. S. 5% 1888	72	U. S. & V. R. I.	50
U. S. 5% 1889	72	U. S. & V. R. I.	50
U. S. 5% 1890	72	U. S. & V. R. I.	50

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

By L. H. THOMPSON, Exchange Hotel, No. 77 Dock Street.

MEATS.

Roasting beef	12 1/2	Leg, mutton	9 1/2
Stewing beef	12 1/2	Breast, mutton	9 1/2
Ham, whole	12 1/2	Lamb, whole	9 1/2
Ham, sliced	12 1/2	Whole mutton	9 1/2
Pork, whole	12 1/2	Veal, whole	9 1/2
Pork, sliced	12 1/2	Fore quarter	9 1/2
Calves head	12 1/2	Hind	9 1/2
Chicken, whole	12 1/2	Chop	9 1/2
Chicken, sliced	12 1/2	Cutlet	9 1/2
Dried beef	12 1/2	Sweetbread	9 1/2
Young pig	12 1/2	Salt and fresh	9 1/2
Tripe	12 1/2	Tripe	9 1/2
Ham, sliced	12 1/2	Ham, sliced	9 1/2
Sausage	12 1/2	Sausage	9 1/2
Hotch Potch	12 1/2	Hotch Potch	9 1/2

VEGETABLES.

Turnip bkt	12 1/2	St Potatoes	12 1/2
Do do	12 1/2	Do do	12 1/2
Black radish	12 1/2	Whole mutton	9 1/2
Carrots	12 1/2	Carrots	9 1/2

POULTRY AND GAME.

Turkey	12 1/2	Chicken	12 1/2
Geese	12 1/2	Pheasant	12 1/2
Chickens	12 1/2	Partridge	12 1/2
Quail	12 1/2	Snipe	12 1/2
Partridge	12 1/2	Snipe	12 1/2
Snipe	12 1/2	Snipe	12 1/2
Snipe	12 1/2	Snipe	12 1/2
Snipe	12 1/2	Snipe	12 1/2
Snipe	12 1/2	Snipe	12 1/2
Snipe	12 1/2	Snipe	12 1/2

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter	12 1/2	Honey	12 1/2
Eggs	12 1/2	Sugar	12 1/2
Sugar	12 1/2	Sugar	12 1/2
Sugar	12 1/2	Sugar	12 1/2
Sugar	12 1/2	Sugar	12 1/2
Sugar	12 1/2	Sugar	12 1/2
Sugar	12 1/2	Sugar	12 1/2
Sugar	12 1/2	Sugar	12 1/2
Sugar	12 1/2	Sugar	12 1/2
Sugar	12 1/2	Sugar	12 1/2

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY WITKERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 30 South Third Street.

NORTH CAROLINA.	44 dis	Missouri, bk. Ga-	70 dis
event banks	1 dis	vested.	
CANADA.			

Wit and Humor.

IRISH DROLLERY.

An amusing story of Daines Barrington, Recorder of Bristol, is recorded by one of the British papers. Having to appear for the plaintiff in a case at a winter assize at Clonmel, he "let into" the defendant in no measured terms. The individual inveighed against not being present, only heard of the invectives. After Barrington, however, had got back to Dublin, the Tipperary man lost no time in paying his compliments to the counsel. He rode all day and night, and covered with sweat, arrived before Barrington's residence in Harcourt street, Dublin. Throwing the bridle of his smoking horse over the railing of the area, he announced his arrival by a thundering knock at the door, which nearly shook the street. Barrington's valet answered the summons, and opening the street door, beheld the apparition of a rough-coated Tipperary fire-eater, with a large stick under his arm, and the sleek sticking to his large bushy whiskers.

"Is your master up?" demanded the visitor, in a voice that gave some intimation of the object of his journey.

"No," answered the man.

"Then give him my compliments and say Mr. Foley (he'll know the man) will be glad to see him."

The valet went up stairs and told his master, who was in bed, the purport of his early call.

"Then don't let Mr. Foley in for your life," said Barrington, "for it's not a hare and a brace of ducks he has come to present me with."

The man was leaving the bedroom when a rough wet coat pushed by him, while a thick voice said, "by your leave," at the same moment Mr. Foley entered the bedroom.

"You know my business, sir," said he to Barrington; "I have made a journey to teach you manners, and it is not my purpose to return until I have broken every bone in your body;" and at the same time he cut a figure eight with his shalab before the cheval glass.

"You do not mean to say you would murder me in bed?" exclaimed Daines, who had as much honor as cool courage.

"No," replied the other, "but get up as soon as you can."

"Yes," replied Daines, "that you might tell me the moment I put my body out of the blankets."

"No," replied the other. "I pledge you my honor I will not touch you till you are out of bed."

"You want?"

"I want."

"Upon your honor?"

"On my honor."

"That is enough," said Daines, turning over and making himself very comfortable, and seeming as though he meant to fall asleep. "I have the honor of an Irish gentleman, and may rest as safe as though I were under the Castle Guard."

The Tipperary Salamander looked marvellously astonished at the pretended sleeper, but soon Daines began to snore.

"Hallo!" says Mr. Foley, "aren't you going to get up?"

"No," said Daines, "I have the honor of an Irish gentleman, that he will not strike me in bed, so I am sure I am not going to get up to have my bones broken; I'll never get up again. In the meantime, Mr. Foley, if you should want your breakfast, ring the bell; the best in the house is at your service. The morning paper will be here presently, but be sure to sit it before reading, for there is nothing from which a man so quickly catches a cold as reading a damp journal," and Daines once more affected to go to sleep.

The Tipperary man had fun in him as well as ferocity; he could not resist the cunning of the counsel, so, laughing aloud, he exclaimed, "Get up, Mr. Barrington, for in bed or out of bed, I have not the heart to hurt so droll a head."

The result was, that in less than an hour afterwards, Daines and his intended murderer were sitting down to a warm breakfast, the latter only intent upon assaulting a dish of smoking chops.

RESTING HER BONES.—"Well, Missus, I've a goin' to leave you," said Molly to her mistress, whom she had loved and grown fat with for a good many years. "Going to leave me, Molly? why, where are you going?" "Oh, I'm going to get married; I've worked long enough, and I'm going to rest my bones." Of course Mrs. Jones could make no objection to this common and natural female frailty. So Molly went, and nothing was heard of her for a year or two, when she came back, poor and emaciated, having lost her husband, and all the rest of human ills human nature is heir to having fallen upon her.

Mrs. Jones was much surprised to see her coming, and said to her—"Well, Molly, have you 'rested your bones'?" "Golly, Missus, I've rested my jaw bones, and dem's all the bones I've rested."

BENEFIT OF A STEAM CHOIR.—A writer in the Religious Telescope approves the recent introduction of steam as "propelling" church organs, because "steam never winks at some one across the room just before the piece is started; never titters and laughs at each turn of the music; never blushes or sticks up its fan before its face, nor hangs its head; never whispers during the sermon; never turns over the note-book to find the time during prayer, nor gazes over the congregation to see who is kneeling; never writes notes and passes them while the minister is preaching. For those reasons," says the writer, "if singing is to be done by proxy, let us employ steam."

A PROFESSIONAL CARD.—The subscriber informs his friends, and the public generally, that he continues to invent and circulate lists of every description, on most reasonable terms, at the shortest notice. Persons requiring her services are referred to any of the most respectable families in the neighborhood in which she resides.

N. B.—Characters ruined, or only partially injured, by the family or subject. Village, house and tea-table lies told upon any piece, and at a moment's notice. Hints and insinuations by the gross, down, or single, with a liberal allowance to wholesale dealers.

KITTY CLACKER.

A HARD WITNESS.

The following dialogue, which occurred several years ago, between a lawyer and a witness, in a Justice's court not a great many thousand miles from this place, is worth relating:

It seems that Mr. Jones loaned Mr. Smith a horse, which died while in his (Smith's) possession. Mr. Jones brought suit to recover the value of the horse, attributing his death to bad treatment. During the course of the trial, a witness (Mr. Brown) was called to the stand to testify as to how Mr. Smith treated horses.

Lawyer (with a bland and confidence-invoking smile)—Well, sir, how does Mr. Smith generally ride a horse?

Witness (with a very merry twinkle in his eye, otherwise imperturbable)—A straddle, I believe, sir.

Lawyer (with a scarcely perceptible flush of vexation upon his cheek, but still speaking in his smoothest tones)—But, sir, what gait does he ride?

Witness—He never rides any gait, sir. His boys ride all the gates.

Lawyer (his bland smile gone, and his voice slightly husky)—But how does he ride when in company with others?

Witness—Keeps up if his horse is able; if not, he goes behind.

Lawyer (triumphantly, and in perfect fury.)—How does he ride when alone, sir?

Witness—Don't know—never was with him when he was alone.

Lawyer—I have done with you, sir.

This last remark of the disciple of Blackstone given in that peculiarly fearful whisper, indicative of sudden checked and temporarily subdued anger and mortification—anger at the imperturbable and knavery of the witness, and mortification at his total failure to elicit anything beneficial to his client. He continues to aver, with many emphatic expletives, that Brown is the greatest scoundrel alive, and hasn't sense enough to answer a plain question correctly.

THE FRENCHMAN'S REVENGE.

The following anecdote, which we give from memory, became current during the suspension of specie payments in the financial crisis of 1837.

A Frenchman rushed into one of the banks soon after the general suspension, with a hundred dollar bill in his hands, and demanded the specie for it.

Frenchman—Will you pay me this bill? Will you give me some money?

Teller (blandly)—We cannot redeem it at present. We have suspended.

Frenchman—Suspende! Vot's zat? Hung by ze neck like one dam thieving dog? Oh, no, sare!

You do deceive me, sare! I will ave d'or l'argent—what you call ze gold, ze silvere ze coppare!

Teller—We will redeem our notes when other banks redeem theirs.

Frenchman—When ze oder banks redim zares! By gar, ze oder banks say ze same, sare! I will shoot you, sare—viz ze poestole, ze gon, ze cannon, sare!

Teller—You had better wait, sir—you had better keep cool.

Frenchman (excitedly)—By gar, I will not wait! I will not keep—vot you call?—cold! I will ave, by gar, revenge!—Sacre! I tear your paper note all in little pieces! I chew him! (Suiting the action to the word.) I spit on him!

I stamp on him! You loose your little dam billet note! There, sare—I am revenge! I am, by gar, r-r-revenge!

Having destroyed the note, looking full defiance at the cashier, tellers, and all others present—the little Frenchman stalked out of the bank with the air of a Napoleon.

BUFFALO UPON ROCHESTER.—Day before yesterday, a number of gentlemen boarders at one of our popular hotels, were in the office of the hotel conversing. They were talking of Rochester. Numerous were the remarks, and much more indignant than complimentary. One remarked that it was a very hard place—very few honest people, and those were being rapidly ruined by vicious example. Another remarked that there were more people in Rochester that had their debts, would be in Auburn, than any other city in the Union. The latter speaker was endorsed by his companions; and other remarks not quite as complimentary as the foregoing followed. All at once, a short, very thin-faced man, rose up indignantly, and stated that they had better hold up—that he was from Rochester—he was. All at once the company retired. The much astonished Rochesterian walked up to the landlord, and inquired where they had gone.

"Why?" said the landlord; "aren't you from Rochester?"

"Yes," said Rochester.

"Oh, well," resumed the landlord, "that accounts for their absence; they've gone up to double lock their rooms;—they'll be back in a few minutes."

Rochester departed in a reflective mood.—*Buffalo Times and Republic.*

AN EXPERIMENT WITH RATTLESAKES.—The Hartford, Times is publishing a series of sketches of revolutionary times, entitled "South Windsor Sketches," from which we extract the following:—Mr. Thomas Bancroft, father of the pros. A James Bancroft, of this town, conveyed a load of salt to Mount Independence, on Lake Champlain, opposite Ticonderoga, while the army was stationed there. His team consisted of a pair of large cattle and a horse in front. While there, a den containing numerous rattlesnakes was discovered on the hill. An experiment was instituted to test their antipathy to the white ash leaf. A row of ash leaves were strewn around the den on three sides, and the circle was completed by a row of ignited brushwood. A sheet of straw placed in a cavity at the windward side of the den was then set on fire, and their snakeships soon made their appearance in great numbers within the ring. On approaching the ash leaves they recoiled, apparently with the greatest dread, and actually passed through the fire in their retreat towards the lake, in preference to passing over the white ash leaves.

AN IDEA OF HEAVEN.—The London Times chronicles the following speech of an illiterate laborer, relative to the joys of heaven:—"I wonder, Bill, whether it is true what they say of heaven being so happy—whether, now, it can be happier than sitting in the public over a good jug of ale, with a fiddle going! I don't know a pleasure as comes up to that."



THE frightful figure that nearly terrified Old Foggy and his Wife out of their wits—and which proved, after all, to be only an ordinary mortal, carrying roasted chestnuts!

Agricultural.

TREATMENT OF COWS.

I have weighed the hay, &c., used by my cows, at different times, so that I know nearly how much has been consumed. About one-half the fodder used was corn stover and barley straw, the other half, English hay, meadow hay and rowen, all cut and mixed as stated in your paper, the value of which would not exceed \$10 per ton. The price received for my milk last year was 22 cents per can, of eight quarts each, from April 1st to October 1st, and 32 cents per can the other six months of the year. The milk was kept at home at different times, equal to one month, all of which was valued at the lowest price. This was made into butter and cheese, and used in the family. No account has been made of the milk used in the family for ordinary purposes. The amount, at those prices, was, for each of the seven cows \$21.10.

Cost of keeping at my estimate, as follows:

20 pounds of fodder per day for 215 days, at \$10 per ton	\$21.50
6 1/2 cents' worth of meal or shorts a day for the same time	13.32
Roots, mostly rutabagas	10.00
Pasture and green corn fodder the other 152 days, valued at 75 cents per week	16.50

Cost of keeping each cow \$61.12

Profit on each cow 19.98

I should not have troubled you with this communication, had it not been for the purpose of correcting the inference drawn from your remarks, that my cows live and do well on twelve pounds of hay per day.

ELMER BRIGHAM.

REMARKS.—Twenty pounds of hay each day for a cow, and meal beside! Why, 'tis a mountain of fodder! Fourteen pounds of hay a day is all we give a twelve-hundred horse, with a little meal, and work him hard at that. We were in a stable the other day, where 400 horses are kept, and they were in excellent condition, too, and all the hay they eat in 24 hours is barely seven pounds! and coarse oat and corn meal enough to make it up to 20 pounds—just as many pounds as you give one cow; your cow lies down, sleeps, chews her cud, has a good time generally, and only produces you a little milk, while the horses of which we speak perform prodigies of labor every day, in hauling all sorts of human beings up and down Broadway, New York. We are inclined to believe that when the true mode of feeding neat stock is ascertained, 12 pounds of good hay and 6 cents' worth of corn meal will produce results as good as those realized from your more liberal feeding at present.—*New England Farmer.*

HOT BEDS

For starting early vegetables, should be made from the 20th of Feb. to 1st of March, for which we will give your readers some directions; not, however, for professional gardeners, but for plain farmers. For the supply of an ordinary family, make a frame of two inch boards (if you have them, if not, lighter ones will do), say about ten feet long, and five feet wide, or, what is better, procure about four pieces of hot bed sash, about three feet wide, and five or six feet long, and then make your frame so that they will cover it nicely. Next, select a sunny situation, the less exposed to cold winds the better; set your frame so much inclined to the south that when you put your glass in it, the water will run off readily. Now procure four stakes—pieces of scantling are best—and sharpen one end of them; drive them firmly into the ground at each corner of your frame, to which spike your frame, thus making it firm and enabling you to give it the proper inclination.

Next dig a pit a little less than your frame, and inside of it, so deep that from the top of the frame to the bottom of the pit shall be from thirty to thirty-five inches. Now if your land is not underlaid with gravel so as to leach the water down readily, you must cut a drain which will drain it quickly, and to the very bottom; don't neglect this, for you might as well try to make a fire under water, as to raise the heat in a hot bed while it contains water. Now get some long and uncombed manure, that which has never been moved is best, though any will do that has plenty of litter in it, such as straw, hay or corn stalks, if mixed with saw dust it will do, though not heating up quite so thick, but the heat continuing longer. With this fill your pit about eighteen inches, shaking your manure well, so as to break all the lumps, at the same time tramping it firmly and evenly all over the bed. If the manure is too dry, you must water it as you fill. Throw on the water plentifully, for you can't make it too wet, and if too dry it will not heat at all. Over this, put about six or eight inches of good soil, so as to fill your bed within about six inches of the top of your

frame. Put on your sash (filled with glass of course,) and bank up carefully around your frame to within two inches of the top, and then let it stand to heat up until the first rank heat passes off, which will generally take about four or five days.

It is now ready to receive the seeds—tomato, cabbage, pepper, egg plant, cauliflower, broccoli, and early blood turnip beet—all pay well for starting in the hot bed, the latter especially, being very fine when started early, and then set out in good soil as soon as the spring opens. We have had them as large as a pint cup by the first days of June, and considered them quite a luxury. Take a board that will reach nearly across your bed, and sharpen one edge of it, with which lay out a row, making it about an inch deep, in which drop your seed, and then make another close to it, and so on till you have finished; then smooth it all over carefully, pressing the soil slightly on the seed. Some sow on the top and rake in, but we never get a good growth that way, as, in fact, we never made anything yet by doing our work the lazy way. All the bed will want now for some two weeks in close attention. When the sun shines, give it air by raising the sash a little. This must be regulated by the heat; if very hot, raise the higher, and vice versa. Don't water till your plants are up, unless the bed is very hot, and becomes dry, and then keep it up; for if you stop after commencing, your plants come at all, they will come very weak, as a crust deprives them of the benefit of the atmosphere. If the nights should be cold, cover the bed over the glass, with boards, old quilts, buffalo skins, or something else, to keep the heat in, and thus keep your plants from freezing.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

PUTTING THE BLUSH ON FRUIT.

We have been favored by a friend with a copy of the Report of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, for 1857. We find many valuable facts and hints in it. The following has not only amused us, but gives us instruction in the art of beautifying the beautiful.

A committee of the Society visited the fruit garden of Mr. John Gordon, of Brighton. Mr. Gordon raises fruit for market, and, of course, becomes acquainted with all the whims and notions of purchasers. He finds that people will buy handsome looking fruit before they will that which is "homely," if it is not of so good quality. Mr. G., therefore, set his wits to work in order to meet this demand, and according to the report of the committee, has succeeded in parting on, or heightening the much wished for external blush and beauty. The committee say that his grounds, which contain some three or four acres, the most of which has been deeply trenched and underdrained, are thickly planted with pear trees, about two-thirds of which are on quince roots, and so thickly planted that he does not grow vegetables among them. He grows but a few varieties, and such only as his experience in the market show will give the best returns. He says he finds a ready sale for those having a russet skin, while those of a green skin could not be disposed of. All his fruit is carefully gathered by hand, and some four days before designing to market it, he takes his fruit boxes, which are about twenty inches square and six or eight inches deep, and places some woollen substance over the inside bottom; he then places a layer of pears and then a layer of woolen, and another layer of pears, and then another layer of woolen. In no case does he pack more than one layer of fruit.

The fruit is then allowed to go through a sweating process, which serves to give it a rich coloring, and is then sufficiently ripened for market. We asked him if cotton batting would not answer the same purpose? He said cotton would not ripen them so fast; that some woollen substance was better, as being more expeditious, and that it left a finer blush on the skin. He instanced a fact in regard to his Bartlett's, that while his were yielding ten dollars per bushel, other wagons by the side of his had pears of the same varieties and equally as large, but which, in consequence of retaining a green skin, were offered at three dollars per bushel.

The committee to this statement add the advice that, for the completion of a good fruit garden, it must be thoroughly underdrained.—*Maine Farmer.*

DIRECTIONS FOR SETTING POSTS.—Dig a hole two feet in diameter, and four feet deep; set the post in the centre, and fill with stone eighteen inches, then one foot of tan, or fine chips, and fill up with gravel or coarse sand and stamp well.

I have found by experience that posts set in this way will stand, even in a clay soil, and will not be thrown out by the frost, which is the main difficulty to overcome; it is a very essential point, not only for the practicability, but for the durability of a gate of any kind.—*N. E. Farmer.*

TO MAKE SHINGLES DURABLE.—About 22 years ago, it fell to my lot to assist in making some thousand oak shingles, which were piled up but a short time until they were soaked for about forty-eight hours in thick lime water.—We employed a common pumice trough from the cider-house, used a couple bushels of lime at a time; slaked it in the trough, then put in sufficient water to make the trough about one-third full. This was thoroughly stirred up before putting in the shingles. They were set in on their thick end, which, when the tank was full, made them about half their length immersed.

Now, whether it was two or four days that we left them in, I do not remember, but that would matter but little, I should think. When one lot was taken out, another lot was put in, until they were all soaked in that manner. Being rather of the boy order at that time, I got very tired of this (useless as I thought) job, and of course it would make an impression not easily erased.

Twenty years after that time, I happened to get to the old homestead, where everything had undergone a change. The straw shed, upon which the shingles above alluded to, were put in roof, was torn down, the roof and timbers to be used for another purpose. The roof had been cut in regular pieces, to use again. On inquiry, I found it was the same roof we had put on; which at once aroused my curiosity to know how these shingles, which had given me so much trouble, had lasted. To my surprise, I found the roof tight and smooth; I took out my knife and tried in different places on the shingles, found them almost as hard as bone; and indicated a fair prospect of covering another building for twenty years more, without being done for.—*Correspondent of Germanicus Telegraph.*

SULPHUR FOR INSECTS.—I find that you have no faith that sulphur has any effect on insects or blight, when put into a hole in the trunk of the tree. The Mockernut Hickory on this place, (Mr. Manie's estate) were dying very fast, the cause being an insect eating the buds in the spring and early summer months. About four years ago my employer, Mr. Manie, had holes bored with an augur in the trunk of the tree, to the pith, and then filled with sulphur and the hole stopped up. Since that was done we have lost but few trees. I had no faith in it at the time my employer did it, but such are the results.—*Correspondent of Country Gentleman.*

FOREST LEAVES FOR HOT BEDS.—It may be well to remind readers that leaves from the forest (especially of oak trees,) are of great service to mix with stable manure for hot beds, in the proportion of one-third, or one-half if the manure is short, as a means of prolonging the period of fermentation and heat. Some care and judgment is necessary in mixing the materials, to secure the proper degree of moisture so as to favor the fermentive process, and not have the pile become dry after a time, as it will sometimes do, if too many dry leaves or too much straw is incorporated in it.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

ANECDOTE OF A GAME COCK.—On the memorable 1st of June (Lord Howe's victory) Captain Berkeley commanded the Marlborough, and broke through the French line between L'Impetueux and Le Mutins, each of superior force, and engaged them both. On going into action the captain ordered all the live stock to be thrown overboard, but at the request of his crew permitted them to retain an old game cock, with which they had fought several times, and always with success. In action the Marlborough was so severely handled by her opponents that half the crew were disabled, her captain carried wounded below, her mainmast shot away, and the remainder of the men driven from their quarters. At this juncture, when the Marlborough was on the point of striking, the old game cock hopped up upon the shattered stump of a mainmast, and, with a loud and triumphant flapping of the wings, sent forth such a clear and lusty challenge as to be heard in every part of the disabled ship. One universal and gallant cheer from the broken crew arose; they remembered the indomitable courage of the bird that sat undimmed above the bleeding horrors of the deck, and every soul on board who could drag his limbs to quarters re-manned the guns, resumed the action, and forced each of his opponents to surrender. A silver medal struck by order of Captain Berkeley was hung upon the neck of the old game cock, who, in the parks and around the princely halls of Goodwood, passed the remainder of his days in honorable safety.

UNHAPPY HOMES.—Small matters are often needlessly made subjects of daily comment and blame; and in the end it comes that home is sometimes anything but the happy place we choose to make it out in songs and fictions of various kinds.

This, when it occurs, is a great pity. I am for making home very happy to children, if it can be managed; which, of course, is not to be made by weak compliances, and having no fixed rules. For no creature is happy, or even free, as Goethe has pointed out, except in the circuit of law. But, once having laid down laws and regulations, all within those bounds should be very kind to home.

Now listen to the captious, querulous scolding that you may hear, even as you go along the streets, addressed by parents to children; is it not manifest that in after-life there will be too much fear in the children's minds, and a belief that their father and mother never will sympathize with them as others even might—never will forgive them? People of all classes, high and low, err in the same way; and in looking about the world, I have sometimes thought that a thoroughly judicious father is one of the rarest creatures to be met with.

TABLE-TURNING IN CHINA.—In this, as in many other things, the Chinese are in advance of the practitioners among ourselves. The mode of carrying on this operation is somewhat different from that in vogue in the United States.—The table is turned upside down, upon a pair of chopsticks, laid at right angles over the mouth of a mortar or bowl, filled with water. Four persons lay one hand upon each leg of the table, while the other clasps the free hand of one of the four, and thus the circle is completed. An incantation is now chanted by the "medium," as soon as the table begins to move. The "circle" moves with it, and in a minute it is whirling violently upon its axis, until it is thrown violently off its balance, and falls upon the floor. The motion of the table is universally attributed to supernatural agency, but it seems not to have been used as a means of communication with the spirit-world.

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